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# THE FEMALE PRINCE; OR, FREDERICK OF SICILY.

*In Three Parts.*

*LONDON*,
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TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

# COUNTESS

OF

# *CONWAY.*

**Madam,**

*IT is now become so general a Custome to Devote things of this nature to some eminent*

*Patronage, that such as appear in the World without a considerable Protector, seem like men abandoned by their good Genius, run a kind of Gauntlet, and lye exposed to the lashes of every Satirical Wit. Thus, Madam, having found so much Innocence and Beauty in this Story, as made me think it Merited a better Destiny; I have presumed to make*

*an Offering of it to your Ladyſhip, in hopes that the entertainment it may afford, will both atone for the confidence of this Addreſs, and ingage your Ladyſhip to allow it your Favour and Countenance. I was eaſily made ſenſible, that it could be no where ſo ſure, as in ſuch a Sanctuary, ſince ſo many Illuſtrious, even Divine Qualities, conſpire to the Compo-*

ſing your Ladyſhips Character, that it would be a kind of Prophanation to attach it, when owned by a Perſon of your Fame and Merit. For it is not only, Madam, all the advantages of Wit and Beauty, of Alliance and Extraction, that have procured you that Univerſal admiration in the World; your Ladyſhip is as much renowned for the Qualities

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*of your Mind, as you are for those of Body and Fortune, insomuch that all the Incense the Age can afford is not sufficient to Celebrate so much Merit and Virtue, nor am I able to express the respect and Devotion with which I am,*

Madam,

Your Ladyships
most Humble and
most Obedient
Servant

*F. S.*

Dedicatory.

Your Ladyships
most Humble and
most Obedient
Servant

F. S.

# THE FEMALE PRINCE; OR, *FREDERICK* OF SICILY.

## PART I.

*Sicily* enjoyed great Satisfaction in the Reign of *Menfroy*; that Prince having all the Qualities which obtain the Admiration of the People. He had render'd himſelf formidable both in *Spain* and *Italy*, and tho' he had no other Enemies than thoſe his Valour had occaſioned,

he had already given ſeveral Battels; and it is certain, that he conquered as often as he fought. Queen *Caſſandra*, his Wife, Daughter of *Roger* King of *Naples*, was likewiſe an accompliſh'd Princeſs, having all the Virtues that can be wiſh'd for in a Great Queen; and the King, who loved her with an extraordinary Affection, would have had nothing more to deſire, if Heaven had not deprived him of ſeveral Princes whom the Queen had brought into the World. This misfortune of their Family, made a great part of their Lives very afflicting, Daughters not being capable of Succeeding in the Crown, that Kingdom muſt inevitably have fallen into the hands of *Berranger*, King of *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Terra Nova*, his Couſin-German, and greateſt Enemy.

nemy. Theſe two Kings being extraordinarily animated againſt one another, would never have ſuſpended the Effects of their Hatred, if Prince *Ordogne*, Count of *Barcelonna*, and their Allies, had not made them agree to a Truce, which they repreſented to be neceſſary for the Repoſe of their People. The King of *Sicily*, notwithſtanding the Advantages he had over *Berranger*, was prevailed with to conſent to this Propoſition; for indeed, continual Victory does almoſt as much weary the Conquerour as the Vanquiſhed; and the King of *Majorca* being brought into Deſpair, through the ill Succeſs of his Arms, accepted, though with Repugnance, all the Conditions that the King of *Sicily* impoſed upon him, hoping, that by the Length of the Truce, he might

the better put himſelf in a Poſture of reſiſting the Forces of *Menfroy*, who had almoſt exhauſted all thoſe of his Kingdom. Thoſe kind of Treaties that are made out of Neceſſity do not put an end to Quarrels, they only help to foment them, and the Moment of ſeeing them revived, is impatiently expected. Such were the Sentiments of *Berranger*, and which he endeavoured to inſpire, as much as poſſible, in young *Amaldee* his Son, and the young *Camilla*, as ſoon as they came out of their Nurſes Arms. The King of *Sicily* being returned to *Meſſina*, the place of his uſual Reſidence, found the Queen his Wife ready to lye in. This Princeſs, who through the loſs of her Children, was become inſenſible of any Joy, received the King with all the Tenderneſs ſhe was capable of, but with

with a Languiſhing and Dejectedneſs that cannot be conceived. The King made it his Buſineſs to divert her Grief, putting her in hopes that Heaven would be more favourable to them, and that it would perhaps conſerve the Child with which ſhe went; but, if by Misfortune ſhe was delivered of a Girl, he was reſolved to conceal her Sex, and to bring her up as a *Prince Majeur*, a Name conſecrated in *Sicily*, as the Prince of *Wales* in *England*, for to exclude *Berranger* from hopes of ſucceeding in his Crown. The Queen did willingly agree to this Deſign; and ſome days after, ſhe was brought to Bed of a Princeſs, who was called *Frederick*, a Name famous in *Sicily*. The Nurſe, Governeſs, and the Lord High Admiral, were the only Perſons who had the Secret of this important

Myſtery. The Queen dyed ſome time after, whoſe Loſs, occaſioned a publick Affliction, the King being infinitely grieved, and received no Conſolation, but what the ſight of *Frederick* afforded him; of whom, he took a moſt particular Care. And indeed, never was Prince better bred than this; his Natural Endowments being poliſhed by a good Education, quickly rendred him the moſt accompliſhed of all thoſe of his Age. He was a Prodigy of Beauty; but his Wit ſurpaſſed the Charms of his Perſon, whereof, he gave early and conſiderable Inſtances.

The young Prince of *Naples*, called *Leon*, who was brought up with *Frederick*, walking one day with him, and ſeeing a Number of fair Ladies, attended by a Throng of Courtiers, they continued

nued their Walk, with great Indifference as to thoſe who followed them; which Prince *Leon* taking notice of, You muſt confeſs, ſaid he to *Frederick*, that we are no great Gallants, ſince we are ſo ſolitary in the Preſences of ſo many Beauties. You are in the right, replyed *Frederick*; we might at leaſt agreeably employ our Eyes, though our Hearts are not yet in a State of being ſenſible; but it is perhaps, the little Peril we ſhould thereby run, that makes us ſo negligent of purſuing it. The Truth is, dear Couſin, ſaid *Leon* to him, with an Ingenuity altogether charming, I am very far from running any ſuch Danger; and hitherto, I find in my ſelf ſo little Diſpoſition to Love, that it would require a great deal of time to prepare me for the leaſt Sence of it. There

needs no more, replyed *Frederick* gallantly, than two Eyes, and perhaps not ſo many Years, to make you change your Stile. But you, ſaid the Prince of *Naples* once again, Do not you find ſomething ſurprizing in what they tell us of Love, whom they deſcribe to us as an Infant, and however, would perſuade us, that he is a dreadful Enemy? I know not what to think of it, ſaid *Frederick* to him, but perhaps we ſhall find him more formidable when we are leſs childiſh. It was thus that thoſe two lovely Princes entertained themſelves at the Age of twelve Years. In the mean while, Endeavours were uſed to inſpire *Frederick* with as much Indifference as was neceſſary for the Perſonage he was to repreſent; and more particularly, they inſinuated into him, that to reign peace-

peaceably upon his Throne, it was requiſite he ſhould reign over his own Heart. The King his Father had taken Care to inſtruct him betimes with the Reaſons of his Diſguiſe; and had made him promiſe, that during his Life, and that of *Berranger*, he would never diſcover what he was, for the depriving his Enemy of the Hopes of ſucceeding him in *Sicily*. *Frederick* embraced theſe Sentiments, and knew no other Paſſion than that of reigning. At length, having attained to the Age of ſeventeen Years, he was inſtructed in all the Exerciſes that are in uſe with Men; wherein, he ſo excelled, that he ſeemed the moſt accompliſhed Prince of his Time. His Stature, though tall for a Woman, was middle ſeized for a Man, but ſo full of Sweetneſs, that it was impoſſible to forbear being

charmed with it. His Eyes were black, ſparkling, and ſweet, mingled with a Flame, and an engaging Languiſhing: in ſhort, all his Perſon was compoſed after ſuch a manner, as was capable of inſpiring the moſt inſenſible with Affection. Having attained to that Seaſon wherein Love commits ſo many Diſorders, he began to obſerve himſelf more ſtrictly, well knowing, that if that Paſſion was ſo much to be avoided by all People, it was much more ſo for him, who would be obliged to keep very perplexing Meaſures with thoſe ſhould have rendred him ſenſible. He ſaw daily a number of handſome Princes, and having examined himſelf, he did not yet find any Motions, which he could be any ways apprehenſive of. Beſides, he imagined that his Diſguiſe ſheltring him from

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the Gallantries of Lovers, would likewiſe ſecure him againſt the Attempts of Love: but therein he was miſtaken in his Accounts. He quickly perceived by the Conqueſts that his good Meen had made, that a Paſſion may be produced without the help of another. Several Beauties ſighed for him in ſecret, and ſome, openly enough to make themſelves underſtood; inſomuch, that the Crowd of his Miſtreſſes importuning him, he imagined, that his beſt Courſe would be to diſſemble an Intrigue, by which means, he would deprive them of their Hopes, and by Conſequence, divert the Deſigns they might have upon his Heart. Beſides, being perſuaded that Gallantry is very becoming a young Prince, he was willing to affect a Paſſion, whoſe Appearances could be no ways troubleſome.

*Yolanda*, the Lord High Admiral's Daughter, ſeemed the moſt proper for his Deſign, ſhe was aimable enough to imagine her ſelf beloved, upon the leaſt Declaration, and young enough not to diſtinguiſh a real from a feigned Paſſion. Nor was he deceived in all theſe Conjectures. *Yolandeck* loved him in good Earneſt, and all thoſe who might have been capable of purſuing any Deſigns againſt the Liberty of this Prince, and who had made too much haſt to preſent him with their Hearts diſengaged themſelves as ſoon as they perceived that he payed his Vows to this Lady. Only *Amedea*, the Lord Admiral's ſecond Wife, whom her Huſband had never acquainted with the Cheat that was put upon all the Earth, was deceived therein as well as others; and likewiſe, obſerved

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more Charms in the Perſon of *Frederick*, ſince her Daughter-in-Law had ſeemed to her to have a Kindneſs for him. She ſaw him every day; and finding his way of loving very delicate, ſhe endeavours to divert Vows that were only imaginary. She was beautiful, and had not yet attained to thirty Years, which is not an Age to diſcard Lovers: And tho' her haughty and imperious Carriage would have diſcouraged all thoſe whom her Beauty had made her Conqueſts; ſhe imagined, that by abating ſomething in Favour of the Prince, ſhe would make him the more value what ſhe did only for his ſake; wherefore, her Eyes ſpoke, but ſpoke to no purpoſe. When Love does not make it ſelf known to a Heart, it is Death to the Language of the Eyes: there wanted a Clearer Explica-

plication with *Frederick*, who was free from any amorous Impreſſion. But, the Admiral's Lady was not of a Humour, to proceed ſo far; and her Paſſion being conſtrained to contain it ſelf within the too narrow Bounds, which her Haughtineſs preſcribed, it manifeſted it ſelf by cold and deſpiſing Looks, which ſhe had the Confidence to treat that Prince with, when he came to pay her Viſits out of Devoir, that he might ſee, at the ſame time, her Daughter-in-law, whom ſhe had ever in her Eye, ſince the Diſcovery ſhe had made of her Amour with *Frederick*.

In the mean while, the paſſionate *Yolanda* was forbidden to look upon the Prince of *Sicily* as a Lover: But, ſhe choſe rather to deprive her ſelf of ſo dear a Sight, han to conſider as an other man,

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the Perſon whom her Heart had found ſo excelling; and went to a Houſe her Father had, ſome Leagues from *Meſſina*, where ſheltring her ſelf from the Perſecution of her Mother-in-Law; ſhe imagined, that by a little Abſence, ſhe ſhould the more inflame the Paſſion of her Lover.

In the mean time, the Prince of *Sicily* ſeeing how eaſie it was for him to engage Hearts, he now grew willing to ſpare them out of Pitty. He had no other Intrigue during the time of *Yolanda*'s abſence, having too little Acquaintance with Love to amuſe himſelf any longer with ſuch kind of Follies. Hunting was his greateſt Divertiſement, wherein, Prince *Leon* was his conſtant Companion. As they were one day returning from running a Stag, they ſaw a Veſſel ſtrangely battered by the

the Winds and Waves, which having forced it ſeveral times againſt the Rocks, notwithſtanding the skill of the Pilots, it was going infallibly to ſuffer Shipwrack; whereupon, they ſent their Servant, who with Boats took up ſome Perſons from the Wracks of this unfortunate Ship; and *Frederick* having informed himſelf concerning them, with an unuſual Curioſity, he was told, that they were apparently Perſons of Quality, which their Air did ſufficiently beſpeak them. *Frederick*, by I know not what Inſtinct, being moved and concerned at their Misfortune, beſeeched the King his Father to ſend for them to Court. Immediately, they were provided with all things neceſſary; for all they had been able to do, was only to ſave their Lives, and their Baggage was loſt with the

the reſt of their Train. *Leon* came to the Palace a little before they arrived there, and having found out *Frederick*, they were diſcourſing of the Pleaſure they had had in Hunting, when they ſaw two perſons come in equally well made, who drew their Eyes, and thoſe of all the Court, being a man of a very high Appearance, accompanied with a very beautiful Lady, who, notwithſtanding the Sadneſs and Grief that their Shipwrack had cauſed in them, failed not to give Birth to far greater Dangers than that they had newly eſcaped. *Leon* was dazzled, and ſtruck with the Beauty of ſo charming a Perſon; and looking upon *Frederick*, he obſerved in his Eyes the ſame Trouble with which he was agitated; he imagined to have found at the ſame time, a Miſtreſs and a Rival; inſomuch,

ſomuch that Jealouſie and Love did together make their entrance into his Heart. We may ſay, that the Princeſs of *Sicily* found at the ſame moment, what rendred her both tender and uneaſie, ſhe ſaw a man ſo well made, that he might in ſome manner juſtifie the ſurprize of her Senſes; He had the Nobleſt and fineſt ſhape that ever was, and above all, he had a Majeſtick Air, which the Princeſs entertain'd a deſign of vanquiſhing; but coming to caſt her Eyes upon the Fair One who accompanied him, ſhe could not forbear letting looſe a Sigh. It was the firſt ſhe had ſtarted, that was ſhared between Spight and Love. This Lady had almoſt all the Features of him we have ſpoken of, but her white Hair, and her languiſhing Countenance, did hinder at firſt the Company's taking notice

notice of the Reſemblance that was between them. How did that paſſionate Air, inſpired in all probability by him who began to pleaſe the Princeſs of *Sicily*, appear to her an ill *Omen*, and how reſtleſs began ſhe to be from that time! On the other ſide, the Princeſs of *Majorca*, for it was ſhe and her Brother, who had newly eſcaped drowning, was ſenſible at the ſight of *Frederick*, of a certain tender motion which ſhe could not defend her ſelf from. In ſhort, thoſe three Hearts which were taken in that ſame moment, ſeldom met in the ſequel. *Menfroy* received them with all imaginable Civility. But they did not think convenient to make themſelves known, before they were well acquainted with the Humours of thoſe Perſons who treated them ſo obligingly; they con-

contented themſelves with giving to underſtand, that they were of conſiderable Extraction, but that they were conſtrained by conſiderable Reaſons to conceal ſtill, for ſome time, their Names and their Fortune. They imagined, that they two only of all the Company being ſaved, they could not eaſily be diſcovered, and that their Ship having been ſunk, the *Sicilians* had not had the leiſure to take notice of the Colours. They found it no hard task to gain Credit in all they ſaid of their Extraction, their Carriage and their Air did ſufficiently ſhew it: People only ſuſpected there might be ſome Gallantry between Perſons whoſe Union was only occaſioned by their Birth. But it is time to give an account how they were conducted into the Territories of *Sicily*.

Prince

Prince *Ardalin* Count of *Barcelona*, being paſſionately in love with the Daughter of *Berranger*, whom he had ſeen at *Majorca*, where he had reſided ſome time. He procured her conſent to become his Wife: the Princeſs *Camilla* having a great Eſteem for him, and being ingaged in no Paſſion, received his Vows with great Civility; which *Ardalin*'s Paſſion made him take for ſomething more delicate. Being at length obliged to return to *Barcelona*, he made her promiſe to be mindful of the Sentiments he had for her; and in a ſhort time after, his Ambaſſadour demanded her in Marriage of the King her Father, who finding the Match advantageous, did willingly give his conſent. The Ceremonies that are uſual being performed, they embarked, and Prince *Amal-*

*dee*

*dee* being desirous to conduct his Sister into *Ardalin*'s Dominions, embarqued in the same Vessel that was newly cast away upon the Coast of *Sicily*. *Ardalin* was expecting with great Impatience, so dearly beloved a Bride, while that the *Capriče* of Fortune and of Love possessed her elsewhere. *Camilla* was at first sight charmed with the Beauty and good Meen of *Frederick*, and thought it would be Injustice to refuse him, what she called Esteem. The Hatred of their Family, which she had from her Birth, ought to hinder her from entertaining any thing too interessing; for which Reason, she abandoned her self to Motions, which she imagined were in no wise to be feared: and besides, being defended by her natural Coldness, which had hindred her from making any other

ther Returns to *Ardalin*'s Paſſion, than what meer Good Will afforded; ſhe could not be perſuaded that it would make any greater Progreſs: but, Time made her know, that the Eſteem ſhe had for *Frederick*, was too particular for to be only meer Eſteem; and comparing the Sentiments ſhe had for him, whom ſhe durſt not ſo much as wiſh for her Lover, with thoſe ſhe had for the Prince who was to be her Husband, ſhe found therein ſo great a Difference, that it amazed her. How! ſaid ſhe, ſhall the unfortunate *Camilla* leave her Heart in *Meſſina*, while that ſhe goes languiſhing and deſolate to ſpend her Days at *Barcelonna*; that muſt not be. Let us endeavour at leaſt, to defer ſo fatal a Marriage; let us implore the Friendſhip of a Brother, without diſcovering to him, however, what

what ought to be concealed from us our ſelves. Whereupon, ſhe aroſe to go to his Apartment, when Prince *Leon* came into her's, with Deſign to prepoſſeſs her in his Favour, by preventing his pretended Rival in his Declaration, whom he fancyed to have ever eluded, by beſieging her continually. He found her ſo thoughtful and ſo dejected, that he had not the Power to ſpeak to her; and theſe two unhappy Lovers, remained in a Silence, that would have melted with Pity all thoſe who ſhould have obſerved them; yet whereof they themſelves did hardly take notice.

Prince *Amaldee* diverted them from it by his Arrival. He came to confer with his Siſter about the means of facilitating their Departure: *Leon* being hindred by his Preſence, from purſuing his Deſign

ſign, deferred the Declaration thereof, expecting a more favourable Juncture.

But the Princeſs of *Sicily* being alarmed and confuſed, to find I know not what new Motions in her Heart, which ſhe could in no wiſe approve of, did all that was poſſible, to render them ſecret. That young Princeſs being accuſtomed to feign what ſhe had not yet been ſenſible of, found it difficult to conceal this real Affection. All the Court did quickly obſerve this Change of her Humor, which was imputed, with great Probability, to *Yolanda*'s Abſence; who, upon the Rumour of ſo tender an Effect, was willing to put an end to their mutual languiſhing, by reſtoring to him her Sight, and enjoying his: the Courſe ſhe was, however, to ſteer was pretty nice in the Conjuncture

of things. The Admiral's Lady, whom *Frederick*'s Sadness did put very much out of Humor, was more to be feared than ever; but a Mistress does little value the Displeasure of a Mother in Law. Besides, a Friend she had at Court, who had given her Notice of the Condition the Prince was reduced to, proposed to her a secret Interview between them, which it was easie for her to procure: whereupon, she returning to Court, did heap up Troubles on the miserable *Frederick*, who had too many Misfortunes of his own, for to be in a Condition to pity those of others. The Princess of *Sicily* did easily perceive, that notwithstanding the Complaisance of *Amaldee*, he had a terrible Aversion for all the Nation, and which this Princess did not fail to apply to her self in particular, through

through the ſingular Intereſt ſhe took therein: though ſhe looked upon *Camilla* as her Rival, ſhe failed not to pay her Viſits very often, that ſhe might ſee there her Lover, who notwithſtauding his Indifference, appeared to her very lovely. She came once thither juſt as Prince *Leon*, in Deſpair of having found *Camilla* ſo ill diſpoſed to hear him, was riſing for to be gone. *Camilla* changed colour at the ſight of *Frederick*, who bluſhed at the ſight of *Amaldee*, and *Leon*, out-raged to ſee all this Diſorder, reſolved to ſtay there ſtill, that he might obſerve Motions that put him upon the Rack. *Amaldee* alone had ſo ſatisfyed an Air, that the Princeſs of *Sicily* thought him the moſt happy of all men; and after a light Converſation, her Heart full of Sighs, which ſhe found difficult

to ſtifle, and her Eyes moiſt with Tears, which ſhe could no longer contain, ſhe went away, not being able to ſupport the ſad Reflection ſhe made upon *Amaldee*'s Happineſs. But, the Princeſs *Camilla* had other Sentiments of this ſo precipitated Departure; and, having well obſerved the Diſorder of *Frederick* in the Preſence of her Brother, ſhe imagined, and applauded her ſelf in ſecret, for being the Cauſe of it. *Amaldee* being left alone with his Siſter, for *Leon* went away a Moment after *Frederick*, propoſed to her the continuing of their Voyage, and told her, that they had remained too long in an Enemies Country, that it was requiſite they ſhould be gone with the ſooneſt, and that too towards *Barcelonna*, where Prince *Ardalin* impatiently expected them. *Camilla* trembled

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at this Diſcourſe, and putting all in practiſe for the deferring ſtill, for ſome Time, that terrible Departure, ſhe made him conſent, though with great Repugnance, to all ſhe had a Mind.

In the mean while, he reſolved to diſpatch, privately, ſome one to the King his Father, for to give him notice of all that had happened ſince their Departure; and going out ſomething diſſatiſfied with his Siſter's Change of Humor, he went to walk alone in the Palace Gardens.

Immediately, he heard ſome confuſed Voices; and approaching ſomething nearer, he diſtinguiſhed that of *Frederick*, and that of *Leon*, who were *parleying* ſomething ſharply. I congratulate, ſaid the Prince of *Naples*, your having made a Conqueſt, without being at the Trouble of the leaſt

Advance; your Vows are received before they are declared; and there is no pretending to any other than the Quality of an unfortunate Lover, if a Man had a mind to engage in *Sicily*. *Frederick* had too many Affairs in his Mind to think of undeceiving him; insomuch, that he replyed with some Sharpness, As you did not consult me about the Choice of your Engagement, I do not think my self obliged to give you an Account of the Progress I shall make in mine; but believe me, let us continue Friends, a strange Lady should not disunite us; you ought not to understand me altogether, but you shall know the rest, when it is fitting for me to tell it you. Then he quitted him for to go into a gloomy Alley, where, letting a Loose to his Melancholy Humor, he remained

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in a certain Situation, wherein the Soul, as it were, being preyed upon by it's Languour, is rendred almoſt inſenſible, wherein we fly, if I may ſo ſay, from our ſelves, to give our ſelves up to the beloved Object, the Crowd of Thoughts, hindring us from being able to diſtinguiſh any one, and by having too much to reſolve on, we reſolve on nothing.

In the mean while, the Prince of *Majorca* imagining that the two Princes were his Siſters Lovers, he went to inform her of it, without thinking, that ſuch Advertiſements do ever further an amorous Paſſion inſtead of preventing it. Siſter, ſaid he, gallantly to her, You ought to be upon your Guard, the Princes of *Sicily*, and of *Naples*, have felt the Power of your Eyes; if I am not deceived, their Amour will put you to ſome

Trouble. Brother, ſaid *Camilla* to him, with a little Bluſh, if my Eyes could revenge us of all the Deſolation that the *Sicilians* have committed in our Territories, why are not you willing I ſhould employ them againſt the Prince of *Sicily?* Ah! Sifter, ſaid *Amaldee* to her, How zealous are you to take up a Quarrel, whoſe Vengeance ought not to be your Province; and in all Probability, How weakly would you defend your Heart againſt an Enemy, whom your Eyes are willing to attach? I confeſs, replyed the Princeſs, hurryed away by her Paſſion, *Frederick* appears lovely to me, and if he was ſenſible—— Ah! it is too much interrupted, *Amaldee*, let us get out of the Hands and Dominions of a Prince, whoſe Merit is fatal to the Liberty of a Princeſs, who is to command

mand elſewhere. It is no longer time to think of that, ſaid ſhe to him, all in Tears, I am no longer Miſtriſs of my Heart, and all the Favour I demand of you, is, to prevent my becoming Princeſs of *Barcelonna*. Ah! Sifter, ſaid he to her, your Reaſon is aſleep, when you ought to think of defending your ſelf; it is yet time enough, the firſt Motions are eaſieſt to vanquiſh, Abſence may ſecure your Reſiſtance, content your ſelf with the Delight of ſeeing the Power of your Charms, and do not employ them againſt your ſelf. This was the Counſel of a Prince, whoſe Experience was but ſmall in Love. For, we cannot ſtop there, we are willing to enjoy the Fruit of a Conqueſt, and to what Purpoſe is being beloved, if we have not a Deſign to love? *Camilla* was well acquainted with

these Maxims, she was not ignorant of her Tenderness, and only aimed at being beloved, that she might not love in vain. How tender and moving an *Idea* did she represent to her self of the Sweets of a reciprocal Love! and notwithstanding the little Repose that these agreeable Thoughts afforded her, how beautiful did she appear the next Day to the amorous *Leon!* This Prince not knowing what to comprehend of *Frederick*'s Discourse, came to inform himself of his Mistress, and to repair the Occasion he had failed of the Day before. *Camilla* had too tender Thoughts to keep up that haughty Air, which makes the boldest Lover tremble: there appeared so much Sweetness in her fair Eyes, that the Prince imagined that it was a fit Occasion to declare himself; he wavered more

more than once to ſpeak through the inſeparable Reſpect of a great Paſſion; and through the Addreſs of *Camilla*, who knowing his Thoughts, diverted the Converſation of them with all the Liberty of a contented Mind. She propoſed to him to go a walking, which he durſt not refuſe; and Prince *Amaldee*, at his Siſters Deſire, kept them Company. They came to a place where was an admirable *Eccho*, and *Amaldee* prevailed with his Siſter, to ſing a Tune ſhe had made ſome time before; whereto, the Words were as follow.

*Unmov'd, I ſaw a thouſand Charms each Day:*
*But when a Heart like ſome young tender Deer,*
*Careleſs and wanton, here and there does play,*
*That it's in Danger, one has Cauſe to fear.*
*So ſoon as Love it's Innocence perceives,*
*He ſtreight employs all his enticing Art;*
*Each Inſtant him ſome new Advantage leaves,*
*And at the laſt, it gives him all the Heart.*

When

When she had done singing, she heard another Person likewise exercising his Voice, which was *Frederick*, who was entertaining his Melancholy; and without having heard *Camilla*, was singing these words at some distance.

*When that a Heart under fierce Flames does faint,*
*T'affect being gay and brisk, and most at ease,*
*Is a severe, a hard, a sad Constraint;*
*But when with strictest Bonds, Love does it seize,*
*It's Tyranny is likewise to restrain*
*By soft Complaints to ease it's cruel Pain.*

*Camilla* imagined, that she had so great a Share in what he sung, as obliged her to make an Answer; so that very seasonably remembring some Verses that Prince *Ardalin*,

*dalin* had formerly learnt her, and which ſuting admirably well with the Subject, ſhe ſung them as they were couched, in theſe Terms.

*Though that a Heart is ſeen all on a Fire,*
*And that it's ſecret Martyrdom is ſure,*
*There ſtill remains to perfect the Deſire,*
*The ſweet Delight, it to be beg'd to Cure;*
*Which, when deferred, who can, alas, endure!*

*Amaldee* did but too well know the Vivacity of this ſo juſt Application which his Siſter made, in Anſwer to *Frederick*'s Verſes; and Prince *Leon* imagined, that ſhe had made them at that very Inſtant; *Frederick* alone, underſtood nothing of this Myſtery; he

he was ſo poſſeſſed with his Penſiveneſs, that nothing but the Cauſe was capable of diverting it. They approached him by little and little, and the Prince of *Majorca* having ſome Indulgence for his Siſter, whom he ſaw was forced to love by her Star, was willing to render her an Office that he would have done himſelf, if he had known what had paſſed in the Heart of *Frederick*; inſomuch, that he dexterouſly drew aſide *Leon*, though with terrible Violences.

*Camilla* had immediately an agreeable Tranſport to find herſelf alone with the Prince of *Sicily*; but he made but ill Returns, and ſhe maintained much better the Character of a Miſtreſs, than he of a Gallant. His Eyes followed *Amaldee*, and purſued him by languiſhing Looks, which endeavoured

voured to draw the Prince of *Majorca* to him. *Leon* was ever caſting his Eyes towards *Camilla*, who took little Notice of his amorous Actions: neither knew ſhe what to think of *Frederick*'s Procedure, and was upon the Point of preventing what he ought to have ſaid to her, and encourage by her Kindneſs, that Lover whom ſhe could only accuſe of too much Circumſpection. Her Haughtineſs, whereof Women have little when they are in Love, would not have been ſufficient to have made her keep Meaſures; ſhe would have ſpoken, if Prince *Leon* had not had too much Tenderneſs for to ſuffer hers to take it's Courſe. Being become knowing in a ſhort Time, he was eaſily inclined to think that Love had a great ſhare in their mute Converſation; and believing that he had but too long

per-

permitted his Rival to enjoy what he imagined to merit, as much as he, his Return was ſomething precipitated. This Incivility did not at all amaze *Amaldee*, but *Camilla* did ſufficiently let him know her Diſpleaſure, to hinder him another Time from ſuch Importunate Interruptions, if Lovers can be ever more circumſpect.

Though *Frederick* was overjoyed at his being ſo happily freed from ſo perplexed an Encounter, yet he fell immediately into another of no leſs Intricacy. *Yolanda*, as we have already ſaid, being concealed in *Meſſina*, gave him notice that ſame Evening of her Arrival, conjuring him to meet her in an Arbour, which her Friend had judged proper for the Aſſignation. *Frederick* was obliged to go thither, and knowing the Afflictions of an ill-rewarded

Affecti-

Affection, he was not willing to be the Occasion of suffering them. Well, Prince, said *Yolanda* to him, at his coming, are not you full of Acknowledgment for the Sentiments I have ever entertained of you, and of the Troubles your Absence has given me. *Frederick* by deceiving her agreeably, being willing to give a Loose to his own Passion, made Answer, Yes, my dear *Yolanda*, I have been tormented since your Absence, by all the Cruelties of Love; and I never knew what Grief was, till after I had been deprived of the Delight of seeing you. He was going to continue, when he heard at a little distance the most lamentable shriek that can be. *Camilla*, whom her ill Destiny had conducted just to the Place of the Rendevouz, which was not far from her Apartment, had

had heard the Princeſs's Voice, and diſcovered a Rival, at a time when ſhe was ſo tenderly poſſeſſed with the ſole *Idea* of *Frederick*, ſhe was not able to ſupport this Reverſe, and fell into a ſwoon juſt at the place from whence the Voice came: *Frederick* ran thither, and *Yolanda* withdrew, not being in a condition to give help to others, that might have hazarded her own Reputation, ſhe only gave notice to her Friend of what had paſſed, who came thither in all haſte, tho however too late, *Berranger's* Daughter had received, without knowing it, that aſſiſtance from the moſt cruel of her Perſecutors; he took Water from a Fountain that was hard by, and having ſprinkled ſome of it upon her Face, he made her eaſily come to her ſelf. Perhaps that the Delight which

her

her heart, tho in deſpair, felt at the approaches of the Perſon who had rendred her ſenſible, did contribute very much towards the making her recover the Uſe of her Senſes; ſhe opened her Eyes, and ſeeing her ſelf in the hands of a Perſon who cauſed all her trouble, Vexation ſeized her ſoul, and following her firſt motion, ſhe withdrew ſomething rudely, and got to her Apartment, without turning towards him, who had newly rendred her that good Office, Where Love is outraged, it often takes every thing for Affronts. In ſhort, the Princeſs, of *Sicily* being left alone, with her Mind full of its own Diſquiets, ſhe made but a Moments reflection upon all theſe capricious Incidents, which ſhe alſo did with relation, that to her the like might happen, What a Night did *Camilla*

*milla* pass! all the torments of Jealousie presented themselves to her Imagination; and tho her Choller had no Object to fix it self upon, she entertained a thousand Designs, against whomsoever it was that usurped from her that Heart which she had thought her self in possession of; then repenting on a sudden, she felt all those touching Motions that a generous and an afflicted Soul can be sensible of. How? said she, is my Affection less violent for being concealed? and ought it to be ill rewarded for being produced something later than that, which my Ungrateful is so fond of? Mad that I am, added she, Shall I disturb the Peace of two Lovers, whom Heaven had united before I dream'd of being engag'd? No, let us leave them to enjoy all those Delights which I had

had vainly figured to my ſelf, and let us not one moment divert them through the compaſſion of Miſeries that I have drawn upon my ſelf by having been too credulous. All theſe doleful thoughts kept her company as long as the Night continued; Day appeared before that her Mind could find a moment of Repoſe. *Amaldee* came, as he often did, to ſee her in her Chamber, and he having been the innocent cauſe of her Tears, at the ſight of him ſhe could not forbear redoubling them. Ah! why have you ſeduced me by the deceiving Appearance of being beloved by the Prince of *Sicily*? Why, by making me apprehenſive of his Tenderneſs, ſhould you render it ſo dangerous to me? Ah! continued ſhe, ſeeing he made no Anſwer, Why did you

not

not keep that Silence that would have ſpared me ſo many Tears? Why did you pronounce that fatal Word by it's enchanting Sweetneſs? ----Heaven is my Witneſs, interrupted *Amaldee*, that my Intention was to hinder you from loving by----Alas! interrupted *Camilla*, haſtily, was that the way to hinder me from loving, by telling me that I was beloved? Why did you not rather tell me, as was true, that he languiſhes for another? It would have made me ſigh; but I ſhould at leaſt have avoided the mortal Troubles that devour me. She thereupon related to him all that ſhe had hear'd, exagerating the thing as much as her Paſſion could inſpire her, and endeavouring to exhale her Grief in Reproaches, ſhe was not able to make an End. When Perſons are ſomething recovered from their

firſt

first Transports, they aim at being Eloquent, that they may at least make others share with them in their Misfortunes. But *Amaldee*, judging that she wanted Repose, left it her in some kind, by leaving her Chamber, for she remained as motion-less after his departure, and found her self in that condition wherein we have already represented the Princess of *Sicily*, who by lying under the heavieſt Oppressions, enjoyed some kind of Tranquillity, and some time after she fell very dangerously ill.

In the mean while, Prince *Ardalin* having got some intelligence of his Bride's being cast away upon the Coast of *Sicily*, he came thither *incognito* to inform himself of the truth. The Shipwrack of his Mistris had so dejected and penetrated him with so lively a grief,

grief, that he was not to be known. The first Object that offered it self to his Eyes was *Amaldee*, who was thinking of the means to free his Sister out of the Abyss of Despair wherein he saw her plunged. The Prince of *Majorca* was at first surprized to see *Ardalin* in the Territories of *Sicily*, and was hardly able to recover from it, by reason of the change that Affliction had wrought in his Countenance, insomuch that he only answered with a sigh, when *Ardalin* made enquiry after *Camilla*. This sigh cost the Prince of *Barcelonna* many more. He no longer doubted, but that his Princess had been swallowed up by the Waves, and being pierced to the quick by so fatal a Thought; Speak, said he, Prince, speak, and no longer conceal from me a loss which I ought

ought not to ſurvive. *Amalide* knowing that an Infidelity is the moſt afflicting thing that can be told a Lover, was in no haſte to undeceive him; but being at length preſſed to make Anſwer, ſhe lives, ſaid he to him, but ask me nothing more concerning her, and would to Heaven you may never be informed of the reſt. Theſe Words, though the latter part of them were capable of giving terrible Suſpicions, failed not to calm the Soul of *Andalin*; and not penetrating the Motive of that Sadneſs, he ſuſpended his own, upon learning that he ſhould again ſee *Camilla*; and being recovered from the Fright he had been in for her Life, all the reſt ſeemed ſweet and eaſie. *Amalide* acquainted him in few Words, with all that had happened to them, except what he ought ne-

ver to have known. He gave him notice not to diſcover them, and as for himſelf, having but a ſmall Train, he would hardly be known for the Prince of *Barcelonna*. They came at length, to the Palace where the whole Diſcourſe was of *Camilla*'s Sickneſs: That Princeſs, after having been brought out of a Lethargy, had made ſuch powerful Efforts to cure her Heart, that her Body had fallen under the weight of them. She was taken with ſo violent a Fever, that from the Beginning, they were apprehenſive of the Iſſue: However, *Ardalin* went with *Amaldee* to *Camilla*'s Apartment. How great was the Aſtoniſhment of the Princeſs, at that unexpected Sight! The Remorſe of having neglected a Huſband who left all to come and ſeek her, the Shame of having betrayed him for a Per-

Perſon, who triumphed, perhaps, in her Sufferings, and may be boaſted of them to her Rival, put her into a ſtrange Confuſion. As *Amaldee* would have prepared her for *Ardalin*'s Arrival, whom ſhe had but too well known, ſhe interrupted him; and addreſſing her Speech to the Count of *Barcelonna*, From whence come you, Prince, ſaid ſhe to him, and what makes you take ſuch Care of a Wretch, whom Heaven has but too much abandoned? Ah! Madam, ſaid that Prince to her, it is too juſt to let ſo extraordinary a Perſon languiſh any longer, you may hope all manner of Happineſs from it's Juſtice, and thereupon, *Leon* entred the Room, who came to inform himſelf of the Princeſſes Health: his Preſence, which at other times ſhe thought a Trouble, was pleaſing in this Occaſion,

ſince it interrupted a Converſation that made her very uneaſie. She gave her Brother to underſtand by a Sign, that ſhe ſhould take it for a Favour to be left alone; which Prince *Leon* comprehending, he went firſt away, without making any other Reflection than what his Miſtriſſes Sickneſs infuſed, which poſſeſſed all his Thoughts. *Amaldee* dragg'd likewiſe away the Prince of *Barcelonna*, who without knowing all his Misfortunes, had however enough to put an end to his Days. *Leon* was no leſs to be pityed than *Ardalin*; *Camilla*, during the time her Fever laſted, could hardly ſuffer that he ſhould come to inform himſelf of the Condition ſhe was in, that ſhe might not be obliged to receive any Viſits, nor to ſee him whom ſhe had but too much ſeen for her Repoſe; inſo-

much

much, that *Frederick*'s Abſence being as dangerous a Misfortune as all thoſe ſhe already lay under, it brought her almoſt to the laſt Gaſp. The Princeſs of *Sicily* was likewiſe languiſhing, by Reaſon of *Amaldee*'s Affliction, in whom ſhe could not ſuffer that Sadneſs for any other than her ſelf. In ſhort, there was nothing but Lamentation in *Sicily*; and one would have ſaid, that Love revenged himſelf on the Princeſſes Diſguiſe; But *Camilla* was yet much more to be pityed, the frequent fainting Fits that her too much oppreſſed Heart did bring her in, made her imagine, that ſhe ſhould quickly find a favourable Death.

One day, after coming out of a cold Sweat, which ſhe believed the Fore-runner of her End, ſhe ſent for her Brother, and her Huſband, and having made them ſit

on her Bed-side, Prince, said she, looking upon *Ardalin*, it is no longer time to disguise any thing, I will spare you the Regret that you would have for the Loss of me, by defacing my self out of your Memory, too happy! if the Confession of my Weaknesses do not render it odious to you. I am no longer that severe *Camilla* who made a Scruple of proceeding farther than Esteem for a Prince, who was to have been her Husband. I have felt the most lively Sentiments of Love, if I may so say, for an other than your self, but Care has been taken to revenge you on my Ingratitude, by having my Affection despised. Farewel, said she to him, forget me if you can, and pardon me my Errors. I pardon you them, Divine Princess, said *Ardalin*, I know the Fatality of the Inclination,

tion, which forces us to love, but I cannot pardon my ſelf for not having known how to gain your Affection; my Heart is without doubt, irritated, to find that you refuſe it that Tenderneſs which you are capable of; but it is againſt my ſelf, and I alone ought to expiate the Crime of not having been able to pleaſe you. At this ſad Thought he fainted away, and loſt with all his Senſes, that of the Infidelity of his Miſtriſs; but they brought him to himſelf by the help of Remedies, which made him enjoy ſtill, for ſome Moments, all the Malignity of his Fate. The Alarums he had had for *Camilla*'s Life, whom he had believed to have been ſwallowed up by the Waves, and the Certainty of her Change, penetrated him with ſo lively a Grief, that it is no Wonder, if he fell under the

weight of it in that ſo fatal Moment, and the Violence of the Motions of his Soul was ſo great, that the Wound he had received did re-open in that Inſtant; he did not perceive that his Spirits diſſipated; and indeed, he was wounded in a more ſenſible part. Ah! Princeſs, ſaid he to her, I am ſenſible, that your Indifference does abridge a Life that I had devoted to you, and which has not been ſo happy as to pleaſe you: I dye; and may it pleaſe the Cruelty of Love to content it ſelf with my Life, and not extend it's Vengeance upon the Days of ſo beautiful a Princeſs. It is ſufficient, that I ſacrifice mine to it, which was wholly yours; but let at leaſt, my laſt Sigh draw ſome from you, at leaſt, let them be out of Pity, and do not refuſe them to a Lover who ready to expire, out of Ten-

Tenderneſs, demands of you nothing elſe: after he had ſpoken theſe Words, a mortal Languiſhing ſurpriſed him; his Eyes fixed upon *Camilla*, ſhewed ſtill, by their dying Looks, all the Fervency imaginable, and cauſed a Torrent of Tears to guſh out from thoſe of that deſolate Princeſs. *Amaldee* endeavoured to ſuccour *Ardalin*, and to recal his Spirits which had entirely abandoned him. The Rumour of all that paſſed was quickly ſpread about; one of the Princeſſes Maids could not forbear blaming *Frederick* openly; And he himſelf came thither as well as others, and mixing his particular Misfortunes with thoſe of the publick, he was willing to try, if he could at the ſame Time change the Face of things. *Camilla* ſeeing the Author of ſo many Miſeries, was not

able to support the Sight of him, and turned her self on the other side. *Frederick* observing that Action, came and cast himself at her Feet, and following his natural Propensity, made her remark so much Passion in his Eyes, that *Camilla*, notwithstanding her Dejection, did quickly perceive it. What would you have, Prince, said she to him with a low Voice? Ah! Madam, how late is it to declare my self, said the tender *Frederick* to her; I love, but alas! I could never have resolved to have let you know it till this Extremity. Ah! Prince, said she to him, do not constrain your self; the too certain Knowledge I have of the Sentiments you have for another, has brought me into this Condition; but I lose it with my Life. Ah! Madam, cryed *Frederick*, I attest Heaven, that I have

no,

no Sentiments prejudicial to what I owe you, and you will one day ſee that I am only unhappy. Theſe Words, which ſo eaſily inſinuated themſelves into her Soul, made her ſigh; and thinking of what ſhe owed the Prince of *Barcelonna*, withdraw, ſaid ſhe to him, with ſome Difficulty, withdraw, and leave me to die leſs criminal, if I cannot die altogether innocent.

In the mean while, *Ardalin* being come again to himſelf, and taking a new Vigour from the Sight of the Prince of *Sicily*, whom he then knew for his Rival, he uſed all his Efforts to ſpeak, but not being able to do ſo, he melted the Hearts of all thoſe who ſaw him. His Gaſpings re-doubling, the Company perceived that he was ready to breath his laſt; and having made them comprehend by

the

most moving Demonstrations imaginable, that he had a Desire to approach the Princess, they brought him to her Bed-side: whereupon, his Forces returned to him when he was upon the Point of losing them for ever; and looking upon *Frederick* and *Camilla*, live, said he to them, happy Lovers, so beautiful a Princess could only be born for so accomplished a Prince. I am not at all ashamed to yield to a Rival, who excells me by so many Advantages, and whom I can only surpass by my Tenderness. At these Words, having fixed his Mouth upon *Camilla*'s Hands, he seemed inseparable from that afflicted Person, and his Soul being detained by that Pleasure, had all the Difficulty imaginable to fly away. Thus Love terminated the Days of a Prince, who by the Greatness of his

his Paſſion ought to have been reſerved for a better Deſtiny: So ſad a Spectacle put all the Aſſiſtants into a Conſternation, and their gloomy Silence was only interrupted by the lamentable Cries of *Camilla*; they cauſed his Corps to be removed, who occaſioned all this Sadneſs: he ſeemed ſtill animated by his Love and his greedy Looks, which appeared not altogether extinguiſhed, ſeemed as if they could never be ſatiated with ſeeing what he had ſo much loved.

During all this Confuſion, they had forgot to diſſemble; *Ardalin*'s Attendants Train diſcovered him by their Regrets for the Prince of *Barcelonna*; and *Amaldee* and *Camilla* were likewiſe known to be the Children of King *Berranger*, though they did not expect to be diſcovered. They could

could not have chosen a more favourable Moment; for, Peoples Minds were altogether disposed to Pity, there was no Room for Hatred: and the King continued to them the same Kindness he had already afforded them, as he only considered them by themselves; he did not change the Sentiments he had of them, though they had changed their Names as to him. But, the Princess of *Sicily* was over-joyed to hear that *Amaldee* and *Camilla* were only Brother and Sister, and filling her Soul with the soft Motions which succeeded in the place of the cruel Suspicions that had agitated her, her Tenderness was thereby considerably augmented. If she found in him the Son of *Menfroy*'s Enemy, a Prince for whom she was forced to that so singular Disguise, in short, one who ought never to

wear

wear the Crown of *Sicily*, she found in Recompence, a Prince full of Charms, a Prince who might be engaged in her Favour; she no longer found a Rival; and that Obstacle being removed, did sufficiently make amends for all that might be contrary to her: Thus being in Repose, as to her Lover, she was no longer disquieted about obtaining him for her Husband. *Ardalin's* Body was sent back to *Barcelonna*, with all the Magnificence that became him and *Menfroy*: And a Poet made his Epitaph; which is as follows.

*Within this Tomb Fidelity is laid,*
*With the kind Lover who Nature's*
*Debt hath paid;*
*Henceforth, like him few Lovers*
*will be seen,*

*And,*

*And, in my mind, Heaven has too cruel been,*
*Who dy'd for Love, deserv'd here to have seen.*

Nothing could recover *Camilla*; and though Remedies had removed her Fever, yet her Affliction was as bad as all Diseases. *Leon* having been Witness of all that had passed between *Camilla* and *Frederick*, all the assurances he receiv'd from this Prince were not capable of satisfying him. He could in no wise comprehend the important Mystery he was to expect the issue of. Besides, his Princess was in love with another, which was sufficient to deprive him of all Repose. *Amadee*, whose Heart was free from any Impression, was continually repassing in his memory the Events that had newly happened. All his

his mind was full of the ſhade of *Ardalin*, and all his Actions ſhew'd him very Melancholy. As he often did walk all alone, the Princeſs of *Sicily* did the ſame through another motive, inſomuch that they often met, but never joyned company; the Princeſs's Paſſion rendring her fearful, made her avoid the Perſon whom her Heart ſought with too much eagerneſs, and he either took no notice of it, or was not very earneſt to ask her the reaſon. However, one day, as *Frederick* was paſſing by him, and pretending not to ſee him; Lovers are very ſalvage, ſaid *Amaldee* to him laughing, and I think my ſelf very happy in having my heart of a more obdurate temper than yours; after what I know of Love, I would not for any thing make the Experience of it, but

will

will neglect, as much as poſſible, thoſe Beauties who excite ſo intire an application; and ſince we ought to ſacrifice all our thoughts to what we love, I am reſolved never to love any thing. The Princeſs, who was ſtrangely afflicted with this Diſcourſe, made him however an anſwer with ſomething a ſcornful tone; Well, keep to that indifference you find ſo very charming. She had not the power to ſay any thing more, but went away very much diſpleaſed. And *Amaldee* ſeeing *Frederick* depart after that manner, was ſomething diſſatisfied; and, not believing he had offended him, he made Reflection upon all his reſerved and unhandſome Procedure, and found in his way of living with him, ſomething very particular, which he could only take for the Effect of ſome natu-

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ral Antipathy. He admired how a Perſon could love the Siſter, whoſe Brother he ſo much hated, but reſolved, however, to ſerve him both in his Hatred and his Amour. He wrote to the King his Father, and endeavouring to melt him by the good Offices that had been done them, he propoſed to him a Match between *Camilla* and *Frederick*, ſaying, that it ſeemed as if Heaven had already aſſembled their Hearts for the uniting their Families for ever, and adding, that *Menfroy* would not oppoſe it; that the Kindneſs he had for his Son, would make him paſs over all manner of Intereſts; that this King was of a generous Nature; and that provided he would make the leaſt Advance towards an Accommodation, a Peace would quickly be concluded. This Letter had not

all

all the Success it ought to have had, as will be made appear in the Sequel.

In the mean time, *Amaldee* not being capable of hating *Frederick*, avoided him however, for fear his Presence should prove troublesome. Some Days after the Conversation that had separated them, they met in such another Conjuncture; it was nice, *Amaldee* stept back, and *Frederick* sighed to see that *Amaldee* retired first; a Sigh is not to be interpreted, *I hate you*; however, that Sigh made the Prince of *Majorca* think so: But, *Frederick* in his Turn, could not comprehend the Cause why he should so shun his Company; thus they were both deceived by very contrary Reasons. If *Amaldee's* Indifference made him take for Hatred what was nothing less, the Tenderness of

of the Princeſs of *Sicily*, who eaſily believed what ſhe apprehended, made her likewiſe take for Contempt, what was very far from it; for, though ſhe did not appear under the Figure of a Lover, that did not hinder her from being ſo; and if Neglect ought not to have directly offended her Paſſion, yet ſhe failed not to be wounded by the Effects, which the Intention did not ſufficiently juſtifie with her. Alas! ſaid that Princeſs, Why does he not find himſelf forced to love me, though his Reaſon does oppoſe it? I find, I love him without the Conſent of mine; but he is far from being under ſuch Circumſtances; Why has not he more penetrating Eyes, and why cannot he diſtinguiſh the Heart of a Miſtriſs under the Figure of a Lover? The languiſhing of my Eyes, ought, methinks, to have unra-

unravelled to him this Miſtery, but his were not willing to ſee it, or if they did, they have deſpiſed the Diſcovery. The Figure of *Frederick*, is it ſo contemptible, that it has not yet been capable of making a Friend of *Amaldee*, ſince the Princeſs of *Sicily* dares not make him her Lover? And not daring to entertain any hopes for her ſelf, muſt ſhe needs be reduced to wiſh ſome Reſpects for *Frederick*, whom *Amaldee* takes ſo much care to avoid. As Love is addicted to making Verſes, and that Poetry entertains and charms our Amorous Thoughts, ſhe fell to making an Elegy, which occaſion'd many other Diſorders. The Princeſs of *Majorca* began to leave her Chamber, and *Frederick*, who through the Conformity of their Deſtiny, and the reſemblance ſhe had with *Amaldee*, afforded her

her a great deal of Complaiſance, accompanied her the firſt day ſhe went abroad, after a very melting Converſation. *Camilla*, ſeeing this Prince carry himſelf with ſo much kindneſs, began to forget the loſs of *Ardalin*, inſomuch that having thought ſome moments, ſhe asked him for his Table-book, wherein ſhe wrote theſe following Verſes, ſhe had newly made.

*In vain one lately dead my Heart did claim,*
*And yet another with Love it now has fill'd,*
*But when with him for whom our Breaſt does flame,*
*We ſtraight forget whom Cruelty has kill'd.*

This was ſomething to inſult the Memory of *Ardalin*, but the leaſt reaſonable Sentiments are the moſt meritorious in Love; *Fre-*

*derick*

*derick* answered them at that instant by the four following, whose Equivocation failed not to be interpreted by *Camilla* according as he designed.

*You sigh, alas! but raging is my smart,*
*My Soul being charm'd, has more of me requir'd,*
*You have the Features of what wounds my Heart,*
*But what is that to One, like me, inspir'd?*

The Princess smiled at this answer, and seem'd very well satisfied, but *Frederick* taking out his Table-book, drew out with it, and let fall a Paper, which was presently taken up by the curious *Camilla*, without *Frederick*'s knowledge: She stay'd still some moments with him, which seem'd

ſeem'd but too long to her impatience; inſomuch that having taken a handſome pretext to leave him, ſhe went to her Chamber to read the Paper ſhe had taken up. You may judge of her Thoughts at the peruſal of this Elegy.

## AN ELEGY.

*HOW! treacherous Heart, art thou to Love inclin'd?*
*I feel, alas! I know not what that's kind.*
*Thou, who in ſecret didſt all Love deſpiſe,*
*And for Tranquillity thy ſelf didſt prize;*
*Thou now do'ſt ſtoop, who haughty us'd to be,*
*And yield'ſt to pains, none e're inſpir'd like thee.*

*Th' Attack that's made on thee by thousand Charms,*
*Inflames thy Coldness, and thy Strength disarms.*
*In my Indifference Designs I form'd,*
*Of braving Love, tho with all's Force he storm'd;*
*My self did flatter from common Weakness free,*
*This Heart well aided mine would ever be:*
*Or if a lovely Object seiz'd my Soul,*
*My Senses absence would surprise controul.*
*All charming Sports I thought I would avoid,*
*Or if I lov'd, 't should be as if I toy'd:*
*My Honour thus I'de raise to th' high'st degree,*
*My self I'de punish for sensibility,*
*Such were the Projects of my Soul when free.*

All

*All these I quitted, though they did abound,*
*When Love his moment, 's cruel moment found.*
*Can we what charms Us fly? a hope most vain,*
*Can we that Object fly, the Heart does chain?*
*And all our Senses joyntly with us betray'd,*
*Are they not charm'd, and in a Transport laid?*
*My haughtiness refuse thy useless aid,*
*But don't with Weakness my poor Soul upbraid.*
*Tyrannick Reason do not come and tear*
*A Heart, that Scorns have almost made despair;*
*And which, subdu'd to Laws of hard Constraint,*
*Shuts Eyes to Tears, and Mouth to all Complaint.*

*Why did'ſt thou ſtray in my moſt*
*preſſing need?*
*Why for one moment did'ſt ſuſpend*
*thy heed?* (*place,*
*Love did that fatal inſtant take thy*
*Expect not e're thy rigour can him*
*chace:*
*In vain its Calm and Peace thou*
*would'ſt reſtore,*
*Since thou once left it, thou can'ſt*
*return no more.*
*Begone, begone, thy Reign does here*
*expire,* (*ſpire.*
*I hear no Counſels, but what Love in-*
*The Charms of my new Fancy I*
*purſue,* (*were true!*
*Heav'ns! that in loving, I'm belov'd*
*I muſt, alas! my Martyrdom de-*
*clare,*
*To love I fear not, but to tell't I fear.*
*I ſigh and tremble, when I ſhould it*
*impart,*
*My Tongue is fearful, but not at all*
*my Heart.*

*Love*

*Love, make me bold, thou, who haſt*
*made me kind,*
*And to dear* A.---- *for me declare*
*my Mind,*
*Whoſe Heart, tho now exempt from*
*Pain and Care,*
*In learning mine may likewiſe have*
*its ſhare.*

Spight ſeized her Soul at the reading of this; and looking upon *Frederick*, who was juſt come in to entertain her with a thouſand kind things, as the moſt treacherous of all men; her Jealouſie produced, in that Inſtant, a quite contrary Effect from what the former had done; it reſtored her all her Spirits through the Ardour of Revenge. However, ſhe was in a very great Perplexity, the *Idea* of a Beauty, who had deprived her of *Frederick*'s Heart, did put her to a terrible Tor-

ture; and thinking to hate *Frederick*, she did not perceive that she hated all the Ladies of the Court, for fear of not hating her, who put her to that Torment. There was not one that did not give her a secret Pain; she desired and feared at the same time to find what she sought; and shewing the Elegy to all the Ladies, confess, said she to them, after a rallying manner, confess that you are very happy in having inspired such delicate Sentiments in so sincere a Prince as *Frederick*: Then thinking to read in their Eyes what they had in their Souls, she examined them with the most uneasie Attention in the World. Several read the Elegy, without finding themselves concerned therein; they had all been so ready to receive *Frederick's* Flames, that not one of them could make

the

the Application to her ſelf of the Complaints it contained. *Camilla* began to breath again, and recovered by Degrees from the Apprehenſions ſhe had had. When the Lord High Admiral's Wife, taking the Elegy with ſome Diſdain, began firſt to ſmile, then a Bluſh, which came into her Face, giving *Camilla* to underſtand, that ſhe ought to fix her Jealouſie upon her; Madam, ſaid ſhe to her, your diſgaſting Haughtineſs for any other Lover, gives you a Prince wearied with Sighs; but have a Care, if I am not deceived, your Ladiſhip will not long maintain that Character; for, I have obſerved in your firſt Motions, ſomething ſo far from Cruelty, that if the Sequel be anſwerable to this Beginning, I am very much afraid, that that Severity, which you have had during *Frederick's*

Indifference, will end with it; However, follow my Counsel, continue your Severity, if you are desirous that a Passion should last which it has produced. You are in the right, said the Admiral's Lady to her, rising to be gone: The Princess was stung to the Quick, both at the Answer, and her uncivil Departure. They all retired thereupon, every one reasoning after their own manner, upon the capricious Choice of *Frederick*. *Yolanda* was quickly informed hereof, by the means of her Friend; and, by the order she had to return to Court, her Mother-in-Law having made Reflection upon the Elegy, found that it admirably well suted with her Circumstances. The little Regard she had had for a Prince her Lover, could only pass with her for Contempts; so much Manage-

ment

ment on his part, could only be for a Woman, who had too much out-raged him to love her without Shame; and what confirmed this, was the Name of *Amaldee*, which the Princeſs durſt not write at length; which being very like her own, (ſhe being called *Amedee*) did fully confirm her in that Opinion. Any other than one concerned, would never have unravelled that trembling and ambiguous Character; but, what does not Love do when it goes about it? Inſomuch, that being aſſured of that Heart which *Yolanda* had vainly imagined that ſhe poſſeſſed, ſhe was very willing to have her for a Witneſs of her Happineſs. The Vexation of a Rival is a great Satisfaction to a Lover, who triumphs, with great Delight, over one ſhe had had any Apprehenſions of. What a Diſappointment

to *Yolanda*, to return to Court for the Infidelity of a Prince, when her too great Facility had drove her from thence; but she must obey, which she the more willingly did, that she might clear a Suspicion that could hardly enter into her Mind. She thought her Mother-in-Law very unfit to usurp a Heart which *Camilla* had not been able to make a Conquest of; for, her Friend had heard one say, that *Frederick* had assured, that *Camilla* was not the Person whom he most passionately loved; but, that there was another, for whom he should sigh as long as he lived. *Yolanda* had some Reason to believe the Constancy of the Prince herein, being deceived by the Relation that these Words had, with the good Opinion she had of her self touching *Frederick*. In short, being returned to her Mother-

ther-in-Law, she found her disarmed of that severe and salvage Air, which Women quickly lay aside, when they have a Lover who pleases them; she took upon her the Air gallant, and reproaching her self in secret, with having lost by her little Understanding in Love, those Moments which she might have spent with great Delight, had she known *Frederick's* Inclination; she had a Mind to recall them, and was contriving how to embolden him whom she had rendred fearful by her too great Severity, and thought good to open the way her self to his Pursuit. Knowing that he often walked all alone, she designed to meet him in his Passage, which she accordingly performed, the same Day. *Frederick* had stol'n from the Crowd, and leaning upon one of his Hands, let some

Tears

Tears tricle down his Cheeks; which the amorous *Sicilian* thought worthy of her Pity; she approached him softly, and told him, blushing, alas! Prince, is there no way to put an end to Sufferings, which afflict all the Court; Joy dares no longer appear there, since you have banished it from your self: All our Ladies are penetrated with the Languishing which oppresses their Prince. That Languishing, answered he something indifferently, ought not in any wise to concern all the Ladies you reproach me with, since the only Person whom it ought to move with Pity,—— Proceed Prince, said she to him, seeing that he stopped there; I very well understand, that some too severe fair one does make you fearful of ill Success, in a Passion that must

muſt needs, however, be ſucceſsful; But, Why do not you ſpeak? There is not a Beauty how haughty ſoever ſhe may be, but would willingly ſhare with you in all the Sentiments you entertain of her. But, *Frederick* made her no Reply, and after having returned ſeveral Times to the Charge, ſeeing ſhe made no Progreſs, and *Frederick* irritating her by his too great Reſervedneſs, ſhe quitted him with ſome kind of Diſpleaſure.

*The End of the Firſt Part.*

# THE FEMALE PRINCE:

OR

# THE FREBERICK

OF

# SICILY.

PART II.

LONDON,

Printed for Tim. Rooks, next door to the Bear Tavern in Fleet Street, near Fleet-Bridge, 1682.

# THE *FEMALE PRINCE*; OR, FREDERICK OF SICILY.

## PART II.

*LONDON*,

Printed for *Hen. Rodes*, next door to the *Bear* Tavern in *Fleet-street*, near *Fleet-Bridge*, 1682.

THE

# PRINCE

OF

# SICILY.

# THE FEMALE PRINCE; OR, *FREDERICK* OF SICILY.

## PART II.

IN the mean time, the Truce was upon the point of being at an end, *Bernanger* had taken very ill the Propositions of *Arnaldee*, and the Commendations he had given of *Menfroy*, he commanded him to return home with all speed, to show if the *Prince* of *Majorca* ought to speak like

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the Son of the King of *Sicily*. This Prince, well fore-seeing after what manner he should be treated by his Father, would not however be disobedient, and beseeched *Menfroy* to give him the liberty to leave his Dominions, which was granted him, with the same facility that he was suffered to come into them. They embraced very affectionately, being charmed with one another's Virtue. From thence *Amaldee* went to *Frederick's* Apartment, being to take his leave of him; tho he had sent to inquire, if his Visit would not prove importunate, and that he was prepared to receive it, yet he was however disordered at his arrival. Be pleased to give me leave, said *Amaldee* to him, to render you Thanks for all Your Civilities, which I have very well distinguished, notwithstanding what

a Sen-

a Sentiment of Hatred may inſpire you with againſt a Prince, whom his misfortune has borne your Enemy. At theſe words the Princeſs was extremely troubled; ſhe would have ſtifled ſome ſighs, but that ſhe found impoſſible, and her Confuſion was thereby ſo much the more augmented. *Amaldee* not knowing what to think of this, asked her the cauſe of her Diſorder; this put her quite out of Countenance, and though the Habit ſhe wore did ſecure her from the ſuſpicions that might have been had of the truth, it was ſufficient to be culpable in her ſelf, to believe ſhe appeared ſo to others. For though ſhe had ſome thoughts of unboſoming her ſelf, that Deſign did not continue long, and her Severity did hinder her from putting it in execution. Leave me, Prince, ſaid ſhe ſadly to him,

him, and, if possible, give no credit to what you see. This was certainly a great Mistery to him, and he went and related to his Sister all that had passed between them. She thought she comprehended it better than he did, and imagined that it might be the Remorse of having betrayed the Sister, whose Brother treated him with that Civility, and that a return without doubt would follow it. This was sufficient to overturn all that had been projected against him, and thereupon she wrote him a Letter, that might do more than re-allure him. The Princess of *Sicily* received it, after having undergone terrible Conflicts, having accused her self of weakness in not having known how to undeceive the Prince of the aversion she was in no wise capable to entertain of him, for this was what

she

ſhe moſt apprehended he would believe. It is impoſſible for a Perſon in Love to leave the Party beloved in a Belief of being hated. She had judged very well after her firſt Motion, that he would know nothing more; and reſolved, at all Adventures, to remove the Impreſſion of what might prepoſſeſs him againſt her, and be injurious to what he might perhaps one day know of the Courſe of her Inclinations. Remaining fix'd in this Deſign, ſhe enjoyed ſome Repoſe, and read the Letter that was brought her from *Camilla*, which was conceived in theſe Terms.

To the Prince of *Sicily*.

*IT is very difficult for People to keep up their Reſentments, when they have once loſt their Hearts; and ſince you have made a Conqueſt of*

*of mine, can it have any Motions to your Disadvantage? I am however very much ashamed that I have not been able to resist either your feigned Passion, or your real Neglect. I ought, at least, to have given them the same Destiny; But, alas! it lay not in my Power. I should find it much more easie, to be insensible to your Ingratitude than to all that speaks in your Favour, notwithstanding I have found such ill Returns. Love me, or love me not; you may do either, without making me change my Sentiments: But, will you misuse this Power? And will you leave a Princess to love alone, when you would find it very delightful to love reciprocally? But, I must explain my self further with you; to which Purpose, I desire you would meet me in the great Alley that leads to the Oval.*

Ca-

*Camilla* did not expect that her Letter should have proved so kind, but when a Woman is writing to her Lover, it is Love that conducts the Pen; and she cannot oppose the rapidity with which it paints what the Heart inspires and dictates. *Frederick* was making some Reflections upon this Letter, when another was brought him, and the Person who delivered it vanished at the same instant, without expecting any Answer; but it came from the Admiral's Lady, and he found therein these words.

To the Prince of *Sicily*.

*WHY do you continue obstinate, to conceal what other Lovers are earnest to make known? What do you pretend to do, either love me not, or tell me*

*that*

*that you do. A Passion is ever languishing, as long as it is restrained by a faint and gloomy fear, which you perhaps take for Respect. But you are therein deceived, Respect is less savage, He speaks, and then he is reserved, but still he has spoken: he begins what finishes of it self, and how great a pleasure is it for him that loves, to have it thought so! and for her who is beloved to think it likewise, and to divine the rest of what has been told her by halfs! If You love only me, You will easily believe that it is only I who write to You. However, for the greater surety, meet me in the great Alley that leads to the Oval, where You may explain, and I hear what You have to say.*

This Letter, though he knew not the hand, would have diverted *Frederick* at another time, if the

the Tenderness which possessed him had not given him Motions very opposite to Joy. He was admiring the Capriciousness of Love in these two Letters, when a third was brought him, which he read with some Precipitation and found therein.

To the Prince of *Sicily*.

*IT is in vain that Endeavours are used to alarum me about your Constancy; my Heart tells me that you are faithful, which is sufficient to perswade me you are so; I judge of yours by my own. Our Hearts were ingaged in one Moment, and ought never to be disingaged, but at the same time. Mine is faithful to You, Prince, and cannot be any other persons than yours, which is enough to make me warrant, that yours is wholly mine: neither is it to clear any Suspicion, that I desire*

*you to meet me in the great Alley main the Oval, it is only to assure you, that you have never yet given me any Jealousie. All that I here dy aim, is only that we may mingle our Sighs. Alas! we have sighed so long a part, that it is fit we should sigh for one Moment together.*

*Frederick* did very much suspect, that this Letter came from *Yolenda*; he imagined that Destiny conducted him to the unravelling of so many Adventures; he fancyed that these three Mistrisses meeting at the same Rendezvous, would free him by an Appearance of Treachery, from all the real Importunities they had plyed him with: Insomuch, that descending into the Alley, he had hardly the Leisure to walk there a Moment, before he saw them all three a coming. He thought it strange to see them together: but the thing hap-

happened in this manner; *Yolande* having placed herself at a Window which looked out upon the way that was to be taken to go to the Alley, waited there for *Frederick*'s Arrival; and having seen him pass, and immediately after him, a Woman, who walking with trembling steps, took the same way; she resolved to prevent her enjoying a Conversation with *Frederick*, which she had been too long contriving, to leave it to others: she ran thither with such an earnestness, that it was taken notice of by her Mother-in-Law, who had too great an Interest in her Conduct not to follow her. Where are you going, said she to her? I see a certain Emotion in your Countenance, that would make me suspect that some amorous Intrigue had brought you hither, if I knew not that after the Prince's

so fresh Infidelity, you could not be capable of a new Engagement. And I, Madam, answered she, with a malicious Smile, I should believe that you suspected me through some interested Motion, if I saw not the Princess, whom you have more Reason to fear than me. At that Word, all Reply ceased, and they walked insensibly after *Camilla*, whom they overtook before she had entred the Alley; insomuch that being all three animated with the same Spirit of Jealousie, they returned into an other, and never parted till they had seen the Prince, who, weary with waiting for them, was gone, after he had seen them take another way, and thought his Intrigues at an end, without himself being any ways concerned. He fancyed, that their haughty Humors had hindred them from giving either's Rival the least Occa-

sion

ſion of ſuſpecting their Deſign or that the Severity of *Amedee* whoſe Paſſion he had not yet taken notice of, had reſtrained them; in ſhort, not knowing to whom he was indebted for his good Luck, he reſolved to take Advantage of it, and never to be with them alone, but even to avoid the Companies of all Women, that he might not be troubled with any more of their amorous Importunities: however, he was miſtaken in his Conjectures, as thoſe three Miſtreſſes had been in thinking to deceive each other. As each of them had pretended not to have ſeen the Prince, they all imagined in particular, that the Randezvouz had been only for them; and all of them applauding *Frederick*'s Fidelity, and their Addreſs in concealing what they thought thereof, ſo that there paſſed a very gallant

Conversation between them, and they parted with great Civilities. *Camilla* was the most pensive, as indeed she had the most Reason to be so; and that Occasion being lost, was hardly to be recovered. Her Brother was to depart the next day, she must either go with him, or expose her self to her Fathers Rage, or to the Slights of her Lover, which was last cause for her to support. But, Love still wrought in her Favour; for, the Princess of *Sicily*, as we have said, who was willing to repair all the Incivilities she had done to him whom she so tenderly loved, went to take her Leave of him; but she easily perceived, by the Trouble she was in at her first coming into his Presence, that it would be difficult for her to execute the Designs she had laid in his Absence. The first Civilities

being

being over, which she acquitted herself of with Gallantry enough, she was to proceed to something of more Concern, which perhaps she would have but very ill performed: she already trembled, the Fear of saying too much or too little detained her for some time in Silence, which was only ended by the coming in of *Camilla*, which both rejoyced and displeased her, seeing that deferred, which she would willingly have said, and which she so much apprehended to say. *Camilla* had the same Sentiments, and perhaps they would not have spoken, if *Ameldee* had not opened the Conversation. Prince, said he to *Frederick*, *You see a Princess allarm'd at the Usage she shall receive from an irritated Father.* Ah! said *Camilla* interrupting him, *I have but too well merited his Displeasure not to undergo the Effects*

feels of it with Resignation. The King is very unhappy, said Frederick to her, to see himself refused, even in the Arms that he is desirous to afford you. I know how much I am indebted to the King, said she to him; but, the Prince of Sicily would do too great a penance, should he see incessantly the Object of his Hatred. Ah, Madam! interrupted Frederick, What a Monster would the Prince of Sicily be! Ah! said Camilla, interrupting him again, it was no small Effect of Hatred, that of pretending to love me, for the depriving me of a Happiness, whose least Idea was sufficient to surprise me. See, said she to him, shewing him the Rings, What a Delicacy in a Prince, whose Flames are kindled by Severities, and how does Love over-turn the Order of all our Inclinations! It is this same Prince who is to this point so tender and submissive!

*missive!* In what Confusion was *Frederick!* His Passion was so naturally painted in those Verses, the Character of them was so tender, that *Amaldee* was very much moved; he was some time without having the Power to justifie himself of a thing too true, but at length made use of the Ambiguity for his Plea in that Occasion. *Madam*, said he, addressing himself to *Camilla*, *I vow to you, once again, that all that I love is here.* *Say no more*, interrupted *Camilla*, not doubting but that it was of her, he spoke, *How sweet shall I find these Constructions! After having imagined to have had so clear a Prospect of my Misfortune, leave me in my Error, if you cannot draw me out of it, but at the Expence of that Affection which I so passionately pursue.* After which, she quickly agreed to stay in *Sicily*, fearing, with just Reason, the worst

Displeasure of *Berranger*, who had learn'd, with Indignation, the Kindness she had for the Prince of *Sicily*; but, this was not enough, *Frederick* had yet said nothing in his own Behalf, so that saluting *Amalaide*, he looked upon him very tenderly, *And you, Prince*, said he to him, *Will you still believe that I hate you? I know not*, said *Amalaide* to him likewise very tenderly, *All that I can say is that my Regret is extream to leave you in a time you are willing I should believe you do not.* They were not able to say any thing more, their Tears trickled down reciprocally; and without doubt, the Prince of *Majorca* felt that, I know not what, which *Frederick* found strange he had not yet been sensible of. The Day after, he was to take his publick leave of the King, all the Court was assembled, and *Menfroy* did shew

shew the great Esteem he had for the Prince of *Majorca*, by all the Caresses he made him, and embraced him once again; after which, *Anzaldee* made up to embrace *Frederick*, who retired some Paces; but the King taking notice of that Action, made him a Sign not to discover himself, but to embrace the Prince: whereupon, a great Blush mounted into his Face, and the Prince, when a respectuous Sentiment did already restrain, did advance without trembling; and if notice had been taken of that disorder, it would have been without doubt surprizing. After this, *Anzaldee* returned immediately unto the King his Fathers Dominions, with all the Violence of a Man, who beholds himself drawn elsewhere without knowing what it was that did so. He saw the King, who according to his Expectations, received

word.

vet to him like a disobedient Son, and who fell into a strange Passion against *Camilla*, accusing her of Treason, and vowing that he would go and drag her from the Arms of the triumphing *Frederick*. Alas! How little did he merit that Title, and under what Affliction did he lie, through the Absence of *Amalde*. This last Misfortune seemed to him insupportable; he fell sick of a lingring Fever, which sheltered him from the Pursuits of *Yolande* and the Admiral's Lady, who could not agree together: Their two Rivals being almost always in Company, envyed the another's Joy and Affliction. In short, being always at Enmity, they parted, and *Yolande* went for her Ransom to her Mother-in-law's Relations House, from whence she sent daily to enquire after the Health of the Prince,

whom

whom *Camilla* alone had the Privilege of visiting. She came to see him with the King, who knowing that her Affection would sooner or later degenerate into Friendship, and endeavoured already to give Occasion for the contracting it between them. The Princess his Daughter contributed thereto on her part, and being desirous to expel Love from her own Heart, she no longer used any Terms that are proper to it; and said nothing that might give Occasion to any such Motions. The words of Friendship alone the only ones in their Mouths; and *Camilla* not caring, that Love appeared to her under a borrowed Name, provided it was still the same in the Soul of *Frederick*, did suffer it with great Satisfaction. The Princess of *Sicily* was at length cured of her Fever, but she was still in a languishing

Condi-

Condition; she had observed so much a Sadness in *Amalder's* Countenance at their parting, that it re-doubled her own. But tho that tender Trouble had afforded her some Joy, yet it lasted not long, and that Instant of Happiness went away so fast, that it only helped to render that Princess more unhappy.

In the mean while, the Truce being at an end, and *Berenger* having a long time been preparing a considerable Fleet, (his Son was hardly returned) when for to perfect him for the Obstacles he had mist in his Designs, he ordered him to take the Command and Conduct of it. This was a cruel Circumstance, for him to bear Arms against a King, whose Favours had filled him with Admiration, and against a Prince, who had insensibly disarmed him of a

certain,

certain natural Haughtiness, which was his only Defect. His budding Passion, which he did not call by that Name, did extreamly weaken in him that which his Father would have inspired him with for that War. Moreover, he found it so unjust, that he proceeded to a hundred Extremities, before he could be brought to it: however, he at length yielded, it being to no purpose for him to oppose the designs of his Father, who for his Obstinacy inflicted the Punishment on him, of going to lay waste a Country he had so much kindness for, which indeed he looked upon as so severe, that he could as willingly have been dragged to his Grave. He could not forbear telling the King, who recommended to him the doing his Duty, *If I do it, you have Reason to fear the Success of your Enterprise.* These Words

Words making the King apprehend that he might favour the Interests of *Manfroy*, he gave a secret Charge to one of the Officers, to have an Eye upon his Conduct, and to give him an Account of all his Actions, and told him, that his Fortune should answer for the Disobedience of his Son. Hereupon, *Arnoldo* embarqued for to return to *Sicily*. He wished that a happy Ship-wrack would dispatch him from a Voyage so fatal to his Repose and his Glory. He had only the Name of Commander in Chief, and it was that Name alone made him appear culpable in the Eyes of the *Sicilians*. *Manfroy* did very much suspect the Violence that was done him, but *Frederick* was more difficult to be perswaded in that Case; he thought it something so severe, to

to see him in Arms to attack him, and which he would have done, tho it had been only in his own Defence against him, that he could not find any Reason for his Justification. Besides, the Vexation he had to see that apparently he had never had him in his Memory, while that he afforded him all his Thoughts, did very much contribute to the making him entertain Reasons of Complaint in all he could have done. Thus that Prince did not appear, though he was effectually innocent: No Body had heard from him since his Departure from *Sicily*, by the Care that *Berranger* had taken to prevent it. This very much surprised *Camilla*, who knew not what to think of it. *Frederick* had often let her know how much he was dissatisfied with this Procedure; but

in

in such passionate Terms, that she frequently reproached him with having more Kindness for her Brother than for her! *Since we are restrained to the Names of Friendship*, said she to him one day, *give me that which you have for Amaldez; Why should you make so disadvantageous a Difference for me? How satisfied should I be, if I could deem upon my self a little of that Displeasure, which methinks is for obliging you!* Do not You make Your self uneasy, said he to her, something fainting. *Alas!* answered she with an extream Sadness, *It is more for my Interest than for Yours, which I ought not to neglect. You love me so little, though I love You, that should my Affection in the least grow faint, Yours would vanish in an instant. But, I must confess, that it would be in vain for me to endeavour to lessen it; and I am sensible, that it*

would

*would be as impossible for me to merit your Displeasure, as you to grant me it. Ah! Frederick, either You do no longer, or You never did love me, my Passion is ever augmenting and yours decreasing.* And indeed, it is a great Diminishing in Love, not to encrease. Besides, the Princess of *Majorca*, in the beginning of her Tenderness, had so often wavered between the fear of having a Rival, and the hopes of having none, that those tumultuous Sentiments did blind her as to those of *Frederick*, and hindred her, in some manner, from perceiving their Faintness. But, when she had her mind free from any Jealousie, she began to observe them with more Exactness; and finding them so little conformable to her own, she fell into a Melancholy more cruel than all the violent Griefs she had lain under.

*How!*

*How!* said she, *I lose* Frederick, *and no body deprives me of him, I lose him by himself, and it is he who refuses to love me, tho he is not in love with any other Women! How happy was I, when I had no reasons of Complaint but against my Rivals, I might accuse my Star of Misfortunes, I might accuse their Charms of forcing him to love, but nothing ingages him; he prefers his indifference before all the softness I might inspire him with; he slights me, and I can only blame him for all the hard usage I receive from him.* But the disease was without remedy, and insupportable, they all began to sham one another in *Sicily*; and *Amaldee*'s absence caused a Consternation in the mind of *Frederick*, which was shared by all those who had any concern for him. He was so out of humor, that no Body durst speak

to

to him: If he went out of his Apartment, it was to hide himself in some lonely place where he was inaccessible. His Mistresses would several times have followed him to his Retreats, but were still hindred by one another; they mutually incommoded themselves, and through the conformity of their Sentiments, they almost ever jumped in the same Designs: Thus was he freed by all together, from each of them in particular, and he found himself less importuned by the Multitude, than if he had had but one. However, tho they all persued him with an equal Passion, the Admirals Lady was the most happy to find him alone; He shunned her the least, because he did not know that she was his unknown Votary, whom he wished might be so to him for ever; though he had seen her often with *Camilla* and *Yolan-*

*da,*

de in places where they came upon his account, he had not taken notice of it; he had ever looked upon her to be too averse to Gallantry, for to entertain any such suspicion, and imagined, when he perceived a return of kindness in her for him, after all the incivilities he had committed, that her Husband had made her a Confident of what he was. This thought seemed to him so probable, that he resolved to make her his Confident. It was requisite he should have one: When we are happy, we contain all our joy within us, and can be without imparting it to any Body; but when we are afflicted, we must necessarily discharge one part of our grief by confiding it in a Friend. He looked upon the Admirals Lady as a very good Woman, imagined that she would willingly embrace all his Senti-

Sentiments; and as they had reciprocally the design of meeting, it was not long before they did so. One day *Frederick* went into an Alley, where he found the Admiral's Lady, they walked together for a while, and after the first Civilities, which lasted but too long in both their opinions, *Frederick* began first a particular Conversation. *Madam*, said he to her, *I have extreamly sought an occasion to find you alone, and you have not seemed to shun it; I give you a thousand thanks for all your favours. I have of late perceived a change in your Carriage, which makes me believe that you know something of my Secret.* The *Admiral's* Lady was very much surprised at the change of his respectful behaviour, and did not take it well that she was reproached with having so much kindness, which she had never

dreamt

dreamt she was liable to. Her face shewed her to be extreamly troubled, and she told him with some kind of Anger, *Methinks that you ought not to abuse what pity has obliged me to do:* And the disorder she was in hindring her from continuing, *Frederick* not comprehending her displeasure, told her, *Madam, I did not think that a Confession, which shews the esteem I have for you, could have given you any offence; but since it displeases you, I shall say nothing more.* The Admiral's Lady being mortally afraid he should hold his peace, told him languishing; *Speak, Prince, I will lay aside something of my severity, since indeed I know but already too much not to hear the rest favourably.* The Princess was more and more perplexed, and could not comprehend the meaning of that *severity* and that *favour* which were va-

valued at that rate, and thinking that ſhe herſelf was obliging in that ſhe had choſen her to the prejudice of any other, to honour her with her Confidence, ſhe thought her very fantaſtical. However the occaſion ſhe had for One whom ſhe might open her heart to, made her paſs over all, and ſhe was going to tell her a thing which would have produced terrible Conſequences in that Conjuncture. The Admiral's Lady would have proclaimed a Miſtery which muſt have filled her with ſpight, and all the meaſures that the King had taken ſhould have been broken, if his good fortune had not made him ſend one of his Attendants to ſeek out *Frederick*, to give him notice that *Berranger*'s Fleet was coming with full Sails under *Amaldee*'s conduct. The perſon who was charged with this Commiſſion, perform-

ed it ſomething rudely. What a ſurpriſe was this to the poor Princeſs! What conflicts did ſhe not undergo! The ſlaughter and horrour which ſhe repreſented to her ſelf, might well have daunted a young perſon; but nothing terrified her ſo much as the danger whereto *Amaldee* was going to be expoſed: She was no longer mindful of his ſlights, her greateſt misfortune was to loſe him by his death; and all Sentiments being confounded in that, *I muſt be gone*, ſaid ſhe ſadly, turning towards the Admiral's Lady, *tho I have not yet, Madam, unboſomed to You my thoughts. I know enough, Prince*, ſaid ſhe to him, ſhedding ſome tears which *Frederick* found very obliging, and for which he thanked her by a ſign of his Head, which ſhe found more obliging than all he could have ſaid. Whereupon he went

went away to the King, who expected him in his Cabinet. He had a mind to be alone with his Daughter, whom he ſaw very much alarum'd, which did not at all ſurpriſe him, and interpreting her timidity like a good Father, he was long in ſuſpence if he ſhould ſuffer her to be expoſed to the dangers of a Sea-fight. It was however requiſite to continue a Fiction that paſſed for a Truth, and was ſo important to the repoſe of his People; Thus he found no reaſon that could diſpenſe his Daughter from paſſing for his Son in the War, ſince ſhe had ever appeared under that name at Court: Wherefore he deſired her with tears in his eyes to preſerve her ſelf, and to be more mindful of what ſhe was, than of what ſhe ought to appear. *Why do not You incourage me better*, ſaid ſhe to him, being

charmed with the kindneſs he ſhewed her, *it will be but too eaſie for me to appear what I am, and I ought at leaſt to ſeem* Frederick *in ſo great an Occaſion, though I belie that name in my own Soul. Ah! my dear Daughter, be careful only of the Princeſs of* Sicily; Frederick *will ever be well enough preſerved.* They parted, being both full of all the Events which they foreſaw. But *Camilla* having had notice of all that paſſed, was extreamly concerned. Her Brother and her Lover were going to engage, and ſhe ſaw afflictions falling upon her, what ſide ſoever Fortune ſhould favour. She went to *Menfroy*, and asked him pardon for the Ingratitude of her Brother: That good King was altogether diſpoſed to excuſe him; they eaſily believed, knowing him as they did, that he muſt be under a great Conſtraint,

and

and rather pitied than blamed him. All things were made ready, and *Menfroy*'s Fleet being equal, or indeed rather ſtronger than that of *Amaldee*, he reſolved to go out and prevent his Enemies Attack: Beſides confiding in the juſtice of his Arms, and in the good luck which had never abandoned him, he ſent a Herald to the Prince of *Majorca*, for the chooſing a day fitting to decide their quarrel. *Menfroy* choſe rather to hazard an Engagement by Sea, than to fatigue his People by a long War, which would have interrupted their Commerce, inſomuch that the day was appointed for the Battel. *Camilla* had not of a long time ſeen *Frederick* in particular; there had paſſed ſome kind of Coldneſs between them, which eaſily happens when Affections are not reciprocal. As all

their Diſcourſe was now come to be of indifferent things, ſhe took an occaſion to ask him what he thought of her Brother, and if his procedure did not inſpire him with a great averſion for all their Family; for ſhe durſt no longer tell him, that ſhe apprehended it as to her own particular: *Madam*, ſaid he to her with a very tender Air, *You would eaſily know my thoughts, if you knew me a little better:* This was ſufficient to engage her to an Explication, which ſhe had ſo much defired. It is eaſie to judge that they then were reconciled; Quarrels ſeldom laſt long when there is a diſpoſition on both ſides to put an end to them, and when we once come to clear Suſpicions, we often end by Juſtifications. Thus *Frederick*, before he departed made his Peace with all his Miſtreſſes. *Yolanda* alone

alone had not an opportunity of ſpeaking with him; but ſhe thought of him the more, and fancied that he thought no leſs of her; and indeed, never did Miſtreſs ſo much rely upon the Faith of her Inclination. It gave her ſo great a tranquility as to *Frederick*, that an Infidelity on his part would never have ſeemed probable to her. Hereupon he went on Board his Ship, being very uncertain what he was to do; and *Menfroy* having embraced him with a tenderneſs that ſeemed a fore-knowledge of ſome Misfortune, they ſeparated, the King leaving him the Command of one of the Squadrons of his Fleet under the Conduct of the Admiral, and he himſelf Commanding in Chief over the whole, boar up in all diligence againſt *Amaldee*: When this Prince, who was ex-

pecting him in good order, had perceived him, he ſent at the ſame inſtant one of his moſt conſiderable Officers in a Pinnace, for to teſtifie to him the *great* regret he had to appear in that Equipage, and to ſhow ſo much ingratitude in appearance, tho he was only unhappy in effect. *Menfroy* ſent him a generous Anſwer, That he was not at all ſurpriſed that he obeyed the Orders of his Father, and that the Actions could not be Criminal when the Intention is Innocent. Thereupon he ſent him back; and thoſe two Princes thought of nothing but of doing their duty. The Engagement was very bloody on both ſides; the principal Squadron of the *Sicilian* Fleet put a great part of that of *Amaldee*'s into diſorder, who coming to rally and ſecond them with the Squadron which he commanded in Perſon;

ſon; He found *Menfroy* in the Head of them, and was willing to ſhun him; and the King of *Sicily* being unwilling to attack him out of the ſame motive, turned his Fury upon the reſt of the Enemies Fleet, the greateſt part whereof he took and ſunk; and after five or ſix hours Engagement, he gained at length a great Victory, being the ſame Fate that had always attended him; but it coſt him very dear, ſince that *Frederick* and the Admiral were not to be found amongſt the Conquerors, inſomuch that it was very much doubted, whether *Berranger* or *Menfroy* had received the greateſt loſs. The thing happened in this manner.

*Amaldee*, as we have ſaid, being deſirous to ſpare *Menfroy*, knew not that in falling upon another Squadron of the *Sicilian* Fleet, he attacked *Frederick*. The Admiral

did his duty with great vigour; but as they were bearing up so near one another, as to discern Objects, *Frederick* perceived the Prince of *Majorca*, whose sadness seemed to attone for all the Affliction he had given him; that sight put him into such a trouble, that he no longer knew what he did: He was so little able to defend himself against him, that he no longer thought of defending himself against others: And *Amaldee* fell likewise into so great a disorder that he seemed to Communicate it to the rest of his Fleet. But to what an Extremity were they not both reduced, when that the *Sicilians* being animated by the death of the Admiral, who had been newly killed with an Arrow, they grappled *Amaldee's* Ship, before that those two Princes had deliberated what they were to do, their

their Souldiers attacked one another with a Fury that did ſufficiently repair the weakneſs of their Princes; and *Frederick* ſeeing himſelf Maſter of his own Conduct by the Death of the Admiral, after having been in ſuſpence ſome Moments about the Reſolution he was to take, on a ſudden repenting his Effeminacy, or rather not knowing how to come to any determination, he followed I know not what rage, which forced him to enter with his Sword drawn into *Amaldee*'s Ship: He remained in that Confuſion, that *Amaldee* had time to recollect himſelf from his firſt Emotion, and preſenting him with his Sword, *Generous Prince*, ſaid he to him, *Stab this perfidious heart, that has not dared to follow it's own Motions, and which could not hinder me from doing an Action*

*on unworthy of the eſteem I have for you. Frederick* was ſo tranſported with what he had done, and with what he had ſeen the Prince of *Majorca* do, that giving back he made a falſe ſtep, and had like to have fallen into the Sea, but *Amaldee* ſaved him, and neglecting all other Cares, his whole Thoughts were then full of a Perſon who intereſſed him under a borrowed Name. He had taken him by the hand, and they remained ſome Moments in that Poſture, enjoying a certain Delight, notwithſtanding all their Agitations, which hindred them from thinking even of the Condition they were in. Then *Frederick* diſingaging himſelf from his Hands, told him faintly, *Do not ſuſpend the Effects of my Duty, ſuffer me at leaſt to go to the Defence of my Men. Alas!* replyed *Amal-*

*Amaldee* to him, with an inconceivable Grief, ſeeing that he was going away, *What Courſe muſt I take to do my Devoir, and why do we ſo obſtinately purſue War, when our Hearts are in Peace? Frederick* was ſomething vexed that he had given Occaſion to the ſpeaking theſe laſt Words; and for which, ſome of *Amaldee*'s Souldiers ſuffered, that the Prince of *Sicily* might at leaſt revenge himſelf on them, for the Paſſion their Prince had inſpired him with; inſomuch, that he fell upon them with an extraordinary Fury, and making his way through a thouſand Swords, the Prince of *Majorca* was in terrible Alarums for his Life. He endeavoured to put an end to the Fight; his Party had the Advantage in that place, where the better part of his Forces was got together. The ſmall

For-

Forces that followed *Frederick*, were over-pow'red by Numbers; the reſt periſhed, and were ſunk with *Frederick*'s Ships, who was left alone, and abandoned in that Extremity. He looked tenderly upon *Amaldee*, and without deciding what he demanded of him, he inſpired him at that Inſtant with a deſire of making him his Priſoner, and with a deſign of ſetting him at Liberty. At firſt, they were not able to ſpeak a Word to one another; but at length, *Amaldee* broke Silence, either as he was the boldeſt, or that his Thoughts were at more Liberty: It is certain, that when that Love does not appear under it's proper Figure, he does not commit ſuch great Diſorders, he is hardly any otherwiſe formidable than through the Fear we have of him; and tho he was in the

Heart

Heart of *Amaldee* as well as in that of *Frederick*, yet he made a much leſs Buſtle in the one than in the other; *Amaldee* had received him without knowing who he was, and he only gave him ſome ſmall Diſquiets, which he is not able to diſpence any Body from; but *Frederick*, who endeavoured to oppoſe his Progreſſes, was tormented both with the Shame of having given him Entrance, and the Deſign of baniſhing him from his Heart. The Diſeaſe is never ſo extream as when we go about to be cured; and it is in thoſe Conflicts that we are to be pityed. *Ah! Prince*, cryed *Amaldee*, *Why muſt I needs loſe you by ſetting you free; for, if the Friendſhip I have for you makes me deſirous to detain you, the Acknowledgment that I owe the King of* Sicily *and your ſelf, demands of me your Liberty*:

*berty: Render it me then all entire*, ſaid *Frederick* to him, being hurryed away by his Paſſion. *You conſent then to our Separation*, ſaid *Amaldee* to him; *and do you willingly*, replyed *Frederick? In ſhort*, continued he, *You will ſuffer me to go. Amaldee* was ſo charmed with receiving ſo many Teſtimonies of Friendſhip, and *Frederick* ſo confuſed with having given him them, that they once more were ſurpriſed with Silence; but then at length, *Frederick*'s Timidity made him break it in his Turn, and the fear of being expoſed to the receiving a thouſand Marks of Eſteem from the Prince, which though pleaſing, were ſo dangerous to him, that they made him reſolve to deſire the Prince to let him go. *I perceive then you hate me ſtill*, ſaid *Amaldee* to him,

but

but he made him no Anſwer; and fearing that he had but too well perſuaded him of the contrary, he went in great Haſte into the Ship that was deſtined to carry him home. *Amaldee* commanded with great Grief, that he ſhould be conducted to *Meſſina*, but he was but very ill obeyed; the Perſon whom *Berranger* had commiſſioned to have an Eye over his Sons Conduct, gave order ſecretly, for the carrying *Frederick* to *Majorca*, after having feigned, for the contenting the Prince, that he had appointed them to ſteer to *Sicily*; it was eaſie to put this Order in Execution; Night coming on, did both facilitate this Deceit, and the Retreat of the Prince of *Majorca*, who did but too ſoon perceive the Defeat of his Fleet, he re-aſſembled the Remains as well

well as was poſſible for him, and eſcaped happily from the Purſuit of *Menfroy*, whom Night did deprive both of *Frederick* and the reſt of the Victory. After that *Amaldee* thought himſelf out of his Reach, being troubled with ſo many Events, he ſhut himſelf up in his Cabin, while that his Fleet made away with full Sails from *Sicily*, whither his Heart tended however. His Return was yet more ſad than his Voyage had been, and *Frederick* who was no leſs agitated than himſelf, ſuffered them to carry him whither they had a Mind; but when he perceived the Trick that was put upon him, he gave a doleful Skreek, and likewiſe fell into a Paſſion againſt thoſe who uſed him ſo treacherouſly; but there was no Remedy.

He

He perhaps found likewiſe a kind of Conſolation in thinking that he ſhould again ſee *Amaldee*, without having contributed thereto; He was very glad that his Enemies had done for him what he never durſt have done for himſelf, and though he ſeemed to be in a rage, without doubt he lay under no great Violence. They had neither of them the leiſure to be weary during their Voyage, their Thoughts took them ſo up, that they made them imagine it very ſhort. They arrived at the ſame time at *Majorca*, and Prince *Amaldee* not knowing that *Frederick* was ſo near him, went to ſalute the King and Queen, who made him a very unkind Reception, they were very much grieved to ſee that Deſtiny continued obſtinately bent upon their ruin, they knew nothing of *Frederick*'s being

being taken, and the aſtoniſhment was equal between them and *Amaldee*, when it was told a moment after, they then were full of Acknowledgment to the Prince, their Son; the Perſon who had managed the Buſineſs, had a great Reſpect for his Prince, and ſeeing that he had been conſtrained to diſpleaſe him out of obedience to the King, he was willing to repair his Fault, by giving him the honour of all. In private he made him his Excuſes for that deceit, and after having told him the Reaſons which obliged him to it, he found him diſpoſed to pardon him, thus all the World was ſatisfied. The King had never been ſenſible of any Joy equal to that of having the Son of *Menfroy* in his hands, He deſired to ſee him; and that Prince having paid his

Re-

Reſpects to him, with a very good Grace, and having entertain'd him with a great deal of Wit, he was ſomething ſecretly vexed, that his Merit was but too anſwerable to his Reputation; but the Queen had far other Sentiments, ſhe reliſhed a double pleaſure in having him for her Priſoner, when ſhe found him ſo well made, and obtained from the King her Husband, that the City ſhould be all his Confinement, hoping to make him loſe the Liberty ſhe gave him, whereof *Frederick* on the morrow had ſome ſuſpicions, and in a few dayes after, ſhe imparted to him her Thoughts. Years had not yet extinguiſhed her Beauty, ſhe was addicted to Gallantry, and imagined that ſhe might well merit Vows, without exacting them, ſhe was forced ſometimes however

ever to make Advances; Her Rank hindred her at leaſt from knowing the Lovers whom ſhe cauſed to languiſh, and did ſtrangely importune her, upon *Frederick*'s account, who entertained her with a thouſand agreeable things, for he had recovered all his Gayety, and he lived in ſo perfect an intelligence with *Amaldee*, that his Felicity hindred him from thinking that under the Name of a Friend, ſhe was a Lover, and that her haughtineſs was but ill managed; and indeed, Women never think of that, when they are ſatisfi'd with their Lovers, and the deſign of being ſevere, does ſeldom ariſe during the pleaſure of a happy Engagement. His was in a fair way to become ſo, *Amaldee* did inſenſibly ſhew him as much tenderneſs as if he had known him

him better; he might believe that it was ſympathy which occaſioned their Inclination; and as he was entertaining him with a thouſand kind things, being prompted thereto by motions which he could not penetrate. Word was brought that the Queen deſir'd to ſpeak with the Prince of *Sicily*. At firſt their Converſation was very diverting, the Queen had a great deal of Wit, and *Frederick* had no leſs; at length they made Love the Theme of their Diſcourſe. *For my part, ſaid* Frederick, *I believe that the Perfection of Love conſiſts in its continuance, and that We may judge of its force, when it can reſiſt Time; and I*, replied the Queen, *ſhould believe on the contrary, that Conſtancy does rather proceed from the weakneſs of a Lover, than from the power of Love. There are ſome*, ſaid ſhe,

*who*

*who have not the courage to change, who make a Habit of their Paſſion, which becomes calm and ſtill, does ſomething approach indifference, and has no longer any more than the Name of Love, the Pleaſure is greateſt in having new Sentiments. This is the reaſon that moſt commonly Amorous Ingagements are only delightful in the beginnings.* You, ſaid ſhe, *ought to lay by that ſo regular Fidelity, your Perſon is attended with an Air that may pretend to more than one Conqueſt; it is only for thoſe who have but a ſmall ſhare of what can pleaſe, to keep to their firſt Paſſion, though they are ſo happy as to be therein ſucceſsful, they ought never to hazard themſelves in a ſecond: but there are People of ſo great Merit as to entertain more extended Deſigns.*

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*Frederick* received very Civilly the application ſhe was pleaſed to make him of thoſe obliging words, but the Queens diſcourſe having a particular Aim, whereto he only Anſwered in general Terms; *Could you make uſe of thoſe Maxims*, ſaid ſhe to him looking upon him fixedly, *examine your ſelf and in time you ſhall know more.* Hereupon ſhe withdrew into his Cloſet, without expecting her anſwer, perhaps for fear of receiving one, that would not be very conformable to what ſhe too ardently deſired not to be under apprehenſions, and perhaps likewiſe to conceal her Bluſhes; for how much accuſtomed ſoever a Woman is to intrigues, ſhe always Bluſhes at her loving firſt, be it out of ſhame or ſpite. *Fredrick* remained very much ſurprized, and foreſeeing that the Queens

Paſſion would give him ſome trouble, he was a while in ſuſpence, if he ſhould give a hint of it to the Prince of *Majorca*, perhaps by that means they would have come to a more entire explication. The Conjuncture was favourably, but they were deſtined to other events, and the clearing of this buſineſs was deferred by an interreſſed Perſon. *Frederick* was expecting *Amaldee* who uſed to Walk with him every Evening, and had hardly made four ſteps, than that he was overtaken by a young Cavalier, who made himſelf known to be the Admirals Widdow. His ſurpriſe was great, *How, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *my Eyes deceive me without doubt: No*, ſaid ſhe to him, *Your Eyes do not deceive you, and beſides, if your heart did tell you that it was me, you may very well*

*rely*

*rely on its Teſtimony: but by what good Fortune*, ſaid he to her, *do I ſee you again? Can you doubt of that*, ſaid ſhe to him, *let it be only in conſideration of you, if you could do the ſame thing for me?* *Frederick* was ſo amazed, that by having only offered to make her his Confident, it had obliged her come ſo far; and was no leſs ſurprized at the Compliments ſhe made him, joyned to that ſtrange diſguiſe, that they were going to fall into a new perplexity, if *Amaldie* had not diverted them from it. But it is time to make known by what Adventure ſhe came to *Majorca*; it is certain that when a Woman, who pretrends to more than ordinary Virtue and Severity, does concern her ſelf in Gallantry, ſhe does not do it by halfes, but paſſes from one extremity to another; and

when she resolves once to stray out of the course of Wisdom, she seldom contains her self from committing extraordinary follies?

But for the taking a Prospect of things from the time we left them in *Sicily*; you must know, that after the Fleet was returned Victorious, although in Consternation upon *Frederick*'s being taken, people were divided between Joy and Grief, every one was sensible of their particular losses, and it was enough that they did not afflict themselves with the Princes imprisonment, since they were assured of his being alive, without that rejoycing at the gaining a Battle, which *Sicily* paid so dear for; several considerable persons had lost their Lives therein, and amongst others, the Lord High Admiral, as we have

ſaid was Killed. His Widdow, whom he left in right to diſpoſe of her ſelf, reſolved to make uſe of it in favour of her Lover: ſhe had apparently a very ſenſible Grief for the Death of her Huſband; and people were not ſurpriſed at the Reſolution ſhe had taken to leave the World, but ſhe had not yet renounced its Pleaſures, which ſhe ſtill found was not without Charms: ſhe was only obliged to go ſeek them afar off. The Object of her Delight was now at *Majorca*, and ſhe reſolved to ſpare no endeavours to find him out. After that the firſt Ceremonies of Mourning were over, ſhe pretended to retire into a Convent. In the mean while *Camilla* knowing *Frederick* to be at *Majorca*, had a great deſire to return thither, and did not think it con-

venient to ſtay any longer in the Dominions of an Enemy againſt the Will of her Parents, ſhe went to the King and told him, that it was not Juſt, that *Berranger's* Daughter ſhould be well treated by a Prince, whoſe Son was in the hands of her Father, who did not reſtore him that Liberty which he had given *Amaldee. I ought not*, ſaid ſhe, *to ſhare in his ingratitude, by ſuffering it: I am obliged to make it my whole endeavour to ſet the Prince at Liberty, ſend me back to* Majorca, *if you can confide in me. Without doubt the King my Father will at length be melted with ſo much Generoſity: But in Caſe he continues Obdurate, notwithſtanding all your Favours, leave me to manage this buſineſs with Addreſs, and I promiſe you that you ſhall ſee him again in a ſhort time, or that I will*

come

*come and remit my ſelf into your hands.* Perhaps ſhe did really mean all that ſhe had ſpoken: But *Memfroy* without much conſidering her intention, told her, *Madam, provided that your intreſts may ſtill be preſerved, I ſhall not be ſorry to be obliged to you for the Liberty of my Son.* He had already cauſed an offer to be made *Berranger* to render her upon very advantagious Conditions, but he would in no wiſe hearken to it. Nothing was ſo advantagious to him, as to have the Prince of *Sicily* in his Dominions; inſomuch that *Memfroy* deſparing of ſeeing him without renewing a War, the ſucceſs whereof is ever doubtful, adventured to ſend back *Camilla*, and delivering up voluntarily an Hoſtage that Chance had given him: He fancied that he ſhould thereby oblige *Berranger* to re-

ſtore what Fortune had given him likewiſe. Inſomuch that all things being prepared for *Camilla*'s departure; ſhe was ſent back with a Noble Convoy, and the Admirals Widdow taking that opportunity to go to *Majorca*, did mingle her ſelf in the Crowd of thoſe who accompanied her. She Tranſveſted her ſelf into a Cavalier, and was ſo well diſguiſed, that ſhe hardly knew her ſelf. Several days paſſed without any ill ſucceſs in her Deſign. *Camilla* was almoſt ever ſhut up in her Cabin with one of her Maids, in whom ſhe moſt Confided, and without doubt the Admirals Widdow would not have been Diſcovered, if her Love had not betrayed her. The Character of a Lover is too remarkable not to be diſtinguiſhed. She bethought her ſelf of making an Acquaintance

tance with the Princeſſes Confident, hoping to know by that means, in what terms *Frederick* ſtood with *Camilla*, though the Admirals Widdow did believe her ſelf beloved: There needs ſo little to wound a Paſſion, that incertainty has ever been the ſhare of thoſe who are in Love. Thus ſhe did all ſhe could to have a clear Information; ſhe thought, that the beſt courſe would be for her to win the Heart of that Maid, for the diſcovering of her Miſtreſſes Secrets; and as nothing renders People ſo dextrous as Love, ſhe acted the Lover ſo naturally, that this Confident took delight in believing that ſhe inſpired her with ſome tender motions. The habit of hearing amarous Diſcourſe, had prepared her Heart to entertain thoſe ſoft and tender Vows; and the ſentiments

of the Princeſs, had ſeemed to her to be ſo ſweet, that ſhe could not forbear following them. The Admirals Widdow made a very pretty Gentleman, and ſeemed very deſerving the Ladys Favours. Thus a great progreſs was made in the Heart of that Maid, when unluckily ſhe had a deſire to ſpeak of her Galant. It is impoſſible for People to forbear ſtarting in all their Diſcourſe, ſomething of the Object their Soul is full of, and we ſometimes meet with ſuch Perſons, who had rather ſpeak ill of their Victorys, than be conſtrained to ſay nothing at all of them. She was ever hearing *Camilla* commending hers, and it is no ſmall conſtraint to be always hearing, when we have ſo many things to ſay. She could not forbear breaking ſo troubleſome a ſilence, which ſhe did ſo dex-

dextrously, that she both found the means to please her Mistriss, and satisfie her self at the same time. The Admirals Widdow had often talked to her of *Frederick*, and the Maid made use of that pretext to speak in Commendation of her Galant, *Madam*, said she to her, *I know a* Sicilian *here on Board, who has a most particular Affection for his Prince, and I dare assure you, that he is the most zealous of his Subjects.* *Camilla* was too tender not to be Charmed with the affection that people had for *Frederick*, we think our selves indebted to others for the kind sentiments they have for what we love, and she was willing that the pretended *Sicilian* should know, how kindly she took his good will. Her Confident was upon the wing to call him, but at first he made some re-

resistance, yet being obliged to obey, he disguised his voice so well, that he was not known, till speaking of *Frederick*, a blush surprised him, and it was easily perceived that he studyed what he had to say: his discourse had no relation, the one part with another, his Motions appeared in their Naturals, and his true tone of Voice returned on him. The Admirals Widdow was too sincere upon this Subject, for to be able to conceal any thing from Jealousy. *Madam*, said she to her, *I thought you very busy in Works of Piety, but the Habit of a man which you have put on, does not persuade me that you have had any such Motive.* The Admirals Widdow made her a very smart Answer, for there is no keeping of rank amongst Rivals, and the Conformity of Sentiments does

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in ſome manner equal perſons; their Converſation was very bitter during ſome time, but at length they were appeaſed being there was no Remedy, and agreed; hoping to deceive one another, to demand a Confeſſion before their Faces of the Prince of *Sicily*, and that the Miſtriſs, who was preferred ſhould enjoy that happineſs without the others envying it her; Whereupon they concluded together, that the beſt way would be to ſurpriſe him, that he might not have the leaſure to Correct his words, but explain himſelf in good earneſt, but they reſolved both in particular to prepoſſeſs him in their favour. Rivals never keep their Words, and Love removes all manner of Scruples. The Admirals Widdow found him out firſt as has been already intimated, but ſhe made no advantage

tage of her diligence, for though she was not hindred by *Camilla* she was so by her Brother who came to tell him some News; The Admirals Widdow withdrew not being willing to be seen in that posture which was so little Conformable to Modesty, otherwise then by him who had occasion'd that extravagance, and who ought to be the more obliged to her for that she had surmounted all manner of Considerations for the love of him. But as we have not all these Considerations for others, we are careful to keep up the reputation of all our virtue with them, and willing to have them think us still the same. In short the Prince of *Majorca* acquainted *Frederick* with the disgrace of his Sister, who had met with unkind reception from the King, and one much worse from

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the Queen, Who ſuſpecting the occaſion of her return, had forbidden her to ſtirr out of her Apartment. After which he imported to him a piece of News, which put him in deſpair, without his Comprehending the reaſon thereof. The King had ſent for the Princeſs of *Mantua* the Queens Neece, under Pretext of keeping her Company, but indeed for the concluding a Match between her and *Amaldee*. This Prince had ever ſhown a very great averſion for any ſuch ingagement, but it was hoped that the Charms of that Princeſs would by degrees vanquiſh that indifference, the King gave him notice that very evening of this deſign, that he might contribute thereto, and told him that he would grant him ſome time for the prodgeing between them what makes a

happy

happy Union: *Frederick* was no less troubled at this News than *Amaldee*. They remained both of them mute, and looked upon one another without saying a word, the King and Queen being in the same place with all their Train: the Queen found *Frederick* in a very great trouble, which she did not doubt, but that *Camilla* had given occasion to, and that thought putting her into despair, she gave the King to understand that it was requisite he should be upon his Guard, that the *Sicilians* under the pretext of having brought *Camilla*, might facilitate to *Frederick* the means of evading, and Conducting him into his own Teritories; These reasons were thought very probable by the King, and diffidence suting with his natural humor, *Frederick*

was

was guarded more ſtrictly, which diſgrace he ſupported with conſiderable patience, and indeed he had other misfortunes which lay much heavier upon him. He perceived that his ill Fortune had only made a truce with him for a moment, to the end, that he might be the more ſenſible of all the afflictions that its return was preparing for him. The Queens paſſion, that of *Camilla*, and above all that which *Amaldee* was in a way of being engaged in, made her find a great unhappineſs in all the others, it was however a kind of advantage for him, that he had all theſe misfortunes together, if he had had them ſeparately, they would have been more afflicting, qut when the mind has ſo many views, it fiexs upon none. and it has of its ſufferings only

ly a confuſed Notion which is not ſo violent, and indeed he was only dejected. But the Queen was more agitated, the thoughts of having cauſed the leaſt trouble in what ſhe loved, made her inceſſantly contriving the means of puting him out of pain. She only waited for a favourable occaſion to ſpeak thereof to the King, whoſe humor was difficult to be managed, but ſhe ordered her buſineſs ſo as to find it. She could no longer forbear ſeeing *Frederick*, her Jealouſy was mollified by time, and ſhe knew no other trouble than abſence, which unhappineſs ſhe was to endeavour the removing, whereupon ſhe remonſtrated to *Berranger* that it was glorious to leave *Frederick* upon his word, that he would oblige him, by Treating him

him honourably to make the like returnes, that he ought not to render himſelf odious to his people, by an action oppoſite to Royal Virtues, and that in ſhort, the beſt courſe would be to engage him to them, and to divert the trouble he lay under in being detained from his Dominions by rendring his abode with them as agreeable as could be. The King did comply with theſe Inſtances, having nothing more to fear from the *Sicilians* when he had ſent back with order to tell *Menfroy*, that if Chance had put *Frederick* into his hands, as it had done *Camilla* into his, he would have delivered him after the ſame manner, but having purchaſed him with the bloud of ſo great a number of his Subjects, and by the loſs of a Battaile, it was fitting he ſhould

ſtill

ſtill keep what he had ſo dearly acquired. The King of *Sicily* perceived that he muſt ſtill riſcue ſome more of his men for the recovery of his Son, and prepared anew for War, but *Frederick* ſeeing himſelf freed from that great number of Guards, notwithſtanding his dejection, he enquired after *Amaldee*, he was told that that Prince was gone to meet the Princeſs of *Mantua* with a conſiderable part of the Court. How fatal was this News! He was not able to view his misfortune in that diſtant Proſpect, though it makes it appear leſs great, he ſaw it approaching, and was in no leſs perplexity how, to come off from a Viſit that the Queen exacted from him; and yet, however he was obliged to make it, but he went to her with ſo great a ſadneſs, that the Queen asked

asked him with ſurprize, from whence that profound Melancholly proceeded, *You ought to lay it now aſide*, ſaid ſhe to him, *ſince your misfortunes are now blown over. Ah! Madam*, ſaid he to her, *I am no ſooner got out of one Labyrinth, than that I fall into another, I am ſo accuſtomed to that long train of misfortunes, that I will alſo accuſtom my ſelf to bear them with an equal Countenance: I have made a habit of my Troubles, which will cauſe me at leaſt to receive indifferently all that is ſtill prepared for me: And will you view your good fortune alſo with that indifference*, ſaid ſhe to him. *It is beyond all appearance*, replyed he, *that though it ſhould be offered me, I ſhould never believe it real, and ſhould refuſe it for that reaſon. Camilla's Confinement puts you into this ill humor*, ſaid the Queen to him,

him, outraged with Spite, *but you would do well to disingage your self a little on that side, from whence you are not to expect any great success; think of it once more*, added she rising. He made her a profound bow, and withdrew, seeing Company come in, without making Reflection, upon what his too little obliging Conduct with the Queen might produce.

*The End of the Second Part.*

# THE FEMALE PRINCE; OR, *FREDERICK* OF SICILY.

## Part III.

*LONDON*,
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# THE FEMALE PRINCE; OR, *FREDERICK* OF SICILY.

## PART III.

*Frederick* no other Prospect now, than the Marriage of *Amaldee*; he Walked Pensive all alone, and tho impatient of his return, yet it was not long enough deferred in his Opinion. He could

not see but too soon the Princess of *Mantua*, she seemed to him so Beautiful, and *Amaldee* so Complaisant, tho he only did what meer Civility required, that he perceived his grief was capable of increasing. The King received her according to her Quality, and the views he had for her, did merit. Yet the Queen did not see her that day, and gave out that she was Indispos'd. But the Princess of *Mantua* viewed *Frederick* with great application, and hardly took any notice of all the honours that were done her. She could have wished that he had been the Prince of *Majorca*, and tho that *Amaldee* was admirably well made, she was not destined to have those Sentiments for him, which she began to have for *Frederick*. They had conceived a great esteem for one another, but no-

nothing more, and never two hearts were at that diſtance, when they were to have been united. They met, it is true, at the ſame point in what concerned *Frederick*, but that was not the way to join them. On the Morrow they were each of them full of ſuch Capricious Sentiments, that it ſeemed as if Love had changed place for the better exerciſing his vengeance, but this Princeſs did ſtill bear the ſource, and all afflictions were mean in compariſon of hers. She had a ſenſible redoubling of them, through the Jealouſie ſhe had of *Amaldee*, which ſhe had hitherto been unacquainted with; and that ſo violent paſſion in all others, was only doleful in her, and by conſequence much more oppreſſing. It is a great caſe when we can complain of a Perſon with Juſtice: And

those terrible Motions, which makes us believe that we hate him who loves a Rival, are more supportable than those tender languishing, which only tends to the accusing our selves of all our Sufferings. Ah! how feeble is that Accusation, and how Afflicting at the same time? *Why did I not make my self known*, said she, *before he made his Addresses to another, it is now too late to show him the Princess of* Sicily, *after he has seen the Princess of* Mantua, *and that he has already received the impression of her Charms? Why did I not take the opportunity of gaining his heart, during his happy indifference: I complained of this, alas! but I still deferred the procuring being beloved. I see my self now prevented. Why did he not keep to that indifference which he would not quit for me? I never had any other than*

*than the trouble of not being beloved, but that seeing him Love another is a thousand times more Cruel.*

She was not able to go abroad that day, and pretended a sickness which she had only in her mind. The Queen was very well again, when there was an occasion to visit *Frederick*, who though he had offended her by his faint Behaviour, she found the means of justifying him. He had some reason on his side; the unjust proceedure of the thing wherein he might think that she had some share, by reason of *Camilla*, was very capable of putting him out of humor: but tho all should have been against him, she found in her heart what spoke in his defence. It is very natural to believe Innocent, what is so much our Interest to have so. In short she disposed her self to make him a

Visit, after having received one from the Princess of *Mantua*, whom she gave to understand, that she was obliged to have great regards for that Forreign Prince; and tho she could not approve in her self of all the managements she had for him, she endeavoured to make them be approved of by others. The Princess of *Mantua* asked her several Questions concerning *Frederick*, telling her that she had not taken notice of such a Person, and obliged her to carry her with her; tho she had no great desire to do so. This young Princess had had a certain disquiet all the Night, which had hindred her from sleeping, and which had put her into a condition of keeping her bed if she had not been to see the Queen: she flattered her self that *Frederick*'s Sickness might be something approaching hers. She fancied that

that he had viewed her very earnestly, and that he frequently sighed, while he was in her Presence, and the desire of seeing him do so again, filled her Imagination with a Delight, which vanished at her coming into his Chamber; they found him in so lamentable a Condition, his Eyes being all bathed with Tears, which he hardly thought of Wiping away, notwithstanding their Presence. It was easie for them to Judg, that they had neither of them any share in that great grief. The beginnings of a Passion are not so violent, and the Princess of *Mantua* was with reason apprehensive, that the Person whom she was so desirous to render sensible, was but too much so already. The Queen on her side having no reason to applaud her self for that profound affliction, it made her

conceive a furious ſpight; the Converſation was faint on all ſides, and the Viſit ſhort. As they were going away, *Amaldee* came likewiſe to make *Frederick* a Viſit, who could not forbear giving him an unkind Reception, and though he would not willingly give him any offence, yet he did, for the Princeſs of *Sicily* Imagined ſhe robbed her of that heart, when they did not give it her, tho ſhe had ſo well merited it. She could not be ſatisfied with him, who gave it to another. *Does the Princeſs of* Mantua *ſend you hither*, ſaid Frederick *to him*, after ſomething a ſlighting manner: *Amaldee* without making him any anſwer upon that, asked him only what he thought of her, and if ſhe was not very beautiful, *I did not take ſo much notice of her*, anſwered he in the ſame tone.

*I am much afraid*, ſaid *Amaldee*, now ſomething diſpleaſed, *that you have ſeen her but too much for your repoſe and for mine; and that affectation of not ſpeaking of her ſeems to me a fear of augmenting that tenderneſs by commending a Princeſs who has inſpired me with it.* *Frederick* was ſo diſordered, and in ſuch diſpair, to ſee him ſo inflamed, that he had not the Courage to give him an Anſwer, and *Amaldee* was more and more confirmed in the ſuſpicion he had of his being faln in Love with his Miſtreſs: this troubled him, without knowing the reaſon of his own Thoughts. He perceived that he ſhould not be much concerned, tho ſhe ſhould Love *Frederick*, but he could not endure that *Frederick* ſhould love her. *I am deceived*, ſaid he, *and Jealouſie diſturbs my mind, I ought only to apprehend his Loving her, for fear ſhe*

*should likewise Love him: but* continued he a moment after, *I am sensible, that I apprehend all on the side of* Frederick, *even without Relation to the Princess. I am Mad,* added he in short, *I am in Love, since I am Jealous, and I can only be so of the Princess of* Mantua. However, he could not conclude this in good earnest, and he was suspended between his Reason and his Sentiments, which he could not accord, but had very terrible Allarms. *Frederick* not being able to suffer his Rival to make all the Progress she had a mind to, while he should amuse himself in complaints, he left his Chamber on the morrow, and appeared so fad, but so lovely, that the Princess of *Mantua* commended him extraordinarily, and gave Presentiments of the Truth to the Queen, whom experience rendred knowing in Womens thoughts of *Frederick*,

*derick*, she found two Rivals; and was not her self beloved. This was sufficient to prompt her to terrible extremities; she was naturally Imperious; however, as Love works great changes in the minds of those it possesses, the excess of her Passion made her undertake what she would never have done without its aid. *Frederick* happening to lean upon a Window, where he was profoundly Pensive; she approached him under the pretext of looking into the Gardens; *You are unworthy*, said she to him, *of the kind thoughts some Persons entertain of you. You ought to have perceived that I Love you: you Love* Camilla, *and I will give her to you: but likewise let this extraordinary effect incline you to some acknowledgment.* She did not wait for his Answer; and a great Blush covering her

Face,

Face, she went from thence to go find out the King, of whom she demanded *Camilla*'s Pardon, and told him that his severity ought to be satisfied, and that it was now time to take her again into his Favour. The King could hardly be prevailed with to give his consent; but after a thousand Caresses, for which he had no reason to be much obliged to her, she obtained what she demanded, upon condition however, that his Daughter should not appear in his Presence. From thence she went to *Camilla*'s Apartment, whom she found under so great a sadness, as would have melted with pity, any other than a Rival. The absence of *Frederick*, whose Company was enjoyed by the Admirals Widdow, and all his other Mistresses, was such an affliction, as she had been ignorant

of

of till that time, and which she had the leisure to feel in all its extent. She received the Queens Visit with no small astonishment; but her surprise was cruelly augmented, when she entertained her with the following Discourse. *I thank the Prince of Sicily for your Pardon, it is to him that you are indebted for it; he sets you free, by playing you an Infidelity with the Princess of Mantua.* *Camilla* was not willing to purchase her Liberty at that rate; and the Queen went away without saying any thing more. As by breeding a quarrel between her and *Frederick*, she deprived her of the fruit of the service, which she seemingly designed her, she was in hopes that all would turn to her own advantage. *Camilla* would rather have chosen to have continued in doubt of what passed between

*Frederick*

*Frederick* and the Admirals Widdow, than to have the certainty of his being become a Votary to the Princess of *Mantua*: a new Rival revives all our griefs; they augment every time we fall under them anew, because we add the fresh troubles to those we had already. Penetrated with a thousand different thoughts, she only followed that which spight inspired her with, which was never to speak to *Frederick*. And indeed she had so much address to avoid the occasions of doing so, that those should have sought them more than she did, he would never have found an opportunity. *Frederick*, the Princess of *Mantua*, and the Queen, did so well justifie all that had been said, that there was no place for any doubt. The Princess of *Sicily* was very glad to deprive the Person of a

Heart,

Heart, who had deprived her of hers, and by that means take revenge for all the torments *Amaldee* had put her to, which she did with success. As they one day met, said that Prince very dolefully to him, *Well, you are in Love with my Mistress, must I yield her to you?* *Do not yield her to me,* said he scornfully, *we must dispute for her Heart by Services; and notwithstanding the affection I have for her, must she necessarily be yours? The affection which you have for her!* answered Amaldee, *Ah! this I find insupportable! How, shall I then be betrayed by my best Friend? We must quarrel if you Love the Princess of Mantua.* *Let us quarrel,* said the Princess of *Sicily*, outraged to see motions in him which she did not think herself the cause of, for Love had never produced so many Caprices without making

him

himself known, as he did in the Soul of *Amaldae*, they spoke no more to one another that day, and the Princess of *Sicily* spending with her Rivals all the hours she would have spent with her Lover, did recompence herself for what she might lose, because he was also a loser, and she imployed her time in putting obstacles to the progresses which his Passion might make, if she could not hinder him from being in love, too happy in having so useful an occupation. This made a diversion to her sentiments, which Idleness would have rendred more fervent. The Princess of *Mantua* was Charmed to see so happy a success in her design, which at first she did not think capable of being executed; she no longer made reflection upon the difficulty she had foreseen therein, since it was

now removed. When we are satisfied with the present, we are not inclinable to take views of unacceptable remembrances, or when we do make some reflections upon them; our passed sufferings do only help to make us find more pleasures by the opposition of the present delightful entertainments. The Queen was in a fury to see that a change had been wrought according to her Maxims, and that it was not so in her favour, she would have found it less cruel to have seen that *Frederick* had continued to love *Camilla*, than to see that he began to be in love with the Princess of *Mantua*, he might well have sigh'd for her daughter, without giving her offence, he knew not then that she was beautiful, but after having both known her to be so, and had received Testimonies of her Affection, to sacrifice

her

her to another could not be without a horrible Contempt. It is particularly the preference which outrages *Camilla* for her part had no other Course to take than that of complaining with her Brother, and he of complaining with his Sister; thus they augmented their griefs by mingling them together. The Admirals Widdow who made a strict inquiry after all that concerned *Frederick*, was informed to the very least circumstances of her misfortune; she became a friend of the Princess of *Majorca*, since they had nothing more to fear of one another, and since they equally did dread a Rival. They likewise concerted together the means of doing her an Injury. The Admirals Widdow could not resolve to lose the fruit of her Voyage, she would at least speak with the angry Prince *Frederick*, but

she

she could not meet with an opportunity; He kept the Princess of *Mantua* Company the most he could, and was more frequently with the Queen than he was willing to have been, who endevouring not to make any noise, made use of the same Artifices he had practized in regard of *Amalthea*; and stole from him moments which he had designed for the Princess of *Mantua*, thus was he tortured on all sides. By these means the Queen did share in his assiduities, or rather payed them to him, or at least extorted them from him much against his will. His Complaisance for her was onely constrained, nothing could move him to have any, but only in consideration of her Rank; Thus his devises having not the same Motive which made him act for

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the Princeſs of *Mantua*, they had a notable difference. *Frederick* had four Miſtriſſes at the ſame time, he was the Lover of his Rivals, and the Rival of his Lover; and he particularly maintained thoſe two laſt Characters to the heighth. As *Amaldee* would have ſeen without trouble, the Paſſion of his Miſtriſs, if his Friend had not repaid it with reciprocal flames. He neglected very much to complain of her, he frequently entertained her only with indifferent things: but one day obſerving the uneaſineſs of *Frederick*, who was Walking with the Queen, and who endeavoured to approach him, to hear what he ſaid to the Princeſs of *Mantua*, he reſolved in his turn to put him upon the Rack for ſome moments, and raiſing his Voice, *Ah!* Madam, ſaid he to her, *have we nothing*

*thing that is more delightful to entertain our ſelves with, it ſeems as if we were afraid that* Frederick *ſhould over-hear us:* as he did indeed. She made him Anſwer in a kind of ſlighting manner, *The more indifferent the Converſation is, the more it ought to be agreeable: What a rigour!* cryed *Amaldee*, in a trouble that was not feigned, ſince he judged that her indifference for him, only proceeded from the affection that *Frederick* had for her. *Is it*, continued he, *by ſuch indifferent things that the Prince of* Sicily *has found the way to pleaſe you, and has he ſo little accuſtomed you to amorous Converſations, that you cannot bear with them. Frederick* was too knowing in motions, not to obſerve that thoſe of *Amaldee* had a very tender Principle, without diving into the cauſe of that tenderneſs:

derness: since he who felt it could not dive into it himself; this inspired him with all the rage which the Princess of *Mantua* ought to have conceived, insomuch that the Queen took notice of it, and was no less concerned than he. And those four Lovers, two of whom had only a good Title to that Appellation, shared themselves very injudicially, for want of knowing the truth of their own Sentiments. *Frederick* who was drawn to *Amalthee*, did by little and little draw the Queen to him likewise, who attributing this violence to the Princess of *Mantua*, she was willing to divert him, and turned suddenly into an opposite Alley. The Conversation of the Princess of *Majorca*, and of the Princess of *Mantua*, did insensibly come again to be flat and faint, when they were

no

no longer animated by *Frederick*'s presence, she was not very eager to justify her self of *Amadee*'s suspitions, and he fell into a certain Melancholly humour which hindred him from proceeding any further upon that point. On the other side, *Frederick* and the Queen were in an inconceivable disorder, *Frederick* was in despair that he was no longer witness of a Converfation which he imagined to have proceeded much further; and the Queen was in despair to see that he was so; But tho they hardly interchanged a word, yet it was a good while before they parted. The Queen detained *Frederick* as long as Civility would permit her, and he at length withdrew, so outraged with what he had heard, that he resolved according to the Custome of those who are in love, to hear henceforward all

that

that he might wish never to know, he never parted from *Amaldee*, who innocently gave him a thousand occasions of Jealousy, he could not endure that *Frederick* should speak to the Princess of *Mantua*, he interrupted the Conversation as soon as he saw them together, the Prince of *Sicily* did as much on his part, thus they vexed one another by a hundred little tricks, and irritated their reciprocal tenderness by the marks they gave thereof to the Princess of *Mantua*; their redoubled addresses importuned her, two passions proved troublesome to hers, it was necessary that she should rid herself of the one or other, and without doubt the lot would have faln upon that of *Amaldee*, but as it was not she who had given birth to it, her power did not extend so far, and it was in vain

that

that she undertooke the curing him of it. As he one day according to his custome had interrupted their conversation, she fell to discourse upon the point of jealous Lovers; for my part, said she, *I beleive that the assiduities of a Lover of that Character, do as much diminish the esteeme that a Mistrisse has for him, as the devoirs of a more circumspect Lover do augment it, it is a first sight that gives birth to an inclination, when it is happy, those which follow do only serve to confirme what it had already done, but when it produces nothing, all the other only help to irritate our durity, by the obstacles we are willing to raise. It seems as if he would take our heart by main force. It is born free and when it does not give it self, nothing deprives us of it: that is very true* replyed the Prince of Majorca, when

*we do not pleaſe at firſt it is in vaine that we endeavour to do ſo afterwards. conſtancy is as diſpleaſing in an unwelcome votary, as it is charming in a Lover who pleaſes but when we cannot be ſucceſſeful in Love, we are willing to be ſo at leaſt in jealouſy, and it is ſufficient if we can but hinder a Rival from taking advantage of our diſgrace, and certainly he has a greater ſhare in our aſſiduities than a miſtreſſe to whom we no longer owes them from the time that ſhe permits them in an other.*

Frederick *without knowing who found ſo much ſweetneſs in theſe words that eying* Amaldee *after a very obliging manner. A dexterous Lover ſaid he to him, ought not to be ſcandalized at a procedure, which ſhowes the value which is put upon his merit and it is much for him to have procured the eſteeme of his Rival.* The Princeſs of *Mantua*

looked

looked upon him at that word with aſtoniſhment and without comprehending why he tooke *Amaldees* part to the prejudice of his own, even in a point apparently ſo contrary to his intereſts, we may ſay that he inſpired her with jealouſy at that moment, with more juſtice than ſhe did him and ſhe went diſpleaſed away upon ſome pretext, and ſeeing *Frederick* the next day in the Queens Chamber who was then taken up with ſome affaires, ſhe endeavoured to approach him and told him I know not I muſt confeſs why you have *more reguards for a friend, who ought no longer to be ſo, than I have for a Lover, whom I ought to manage by a thouſand reaſons, what would you have me do*, ſaid he to her, *he treats me very Civily he has been my Conquerour*——— *Ah* ſaid the Princeſs

ceſs interrupting him, *do men ever think themſelves obliged for any thing to a Rival? you do well deſerve that after your examples. I ſhould make him kind returns for the deſigns he has upon me, however I am willing to give you another, ſince you want one to ſhew you the devoir of a Lover, treat him as I treat him, this is no great requeſt; But, Madam,* replyed he to her, *ſhould I be ungrateful to that Prince whoſe ſentiments are ſo generous? But,* replyed ſhe again, *I never ſaw any like yours, and I believe that you love your Rival better than your Miſtreſs;* They could not ſpeak a word more, for the Queen returning with precipitation interrupted them. In the mean while *Amaldee* and *Frederick* continued to treat one another with a thouſand Civilities,

and

and always in the preſence of the Princeſs of *Mantua*, they were ever in her Company, it was to no purpoſe that ſhe forbid *Frederick* to be ſo obliging to his Rival, he was Commanded by ſomething more powerful; they fell often out and was as often reconciled, for the opinion that ſhe was only jealous of a Rival, made her Condemn all her motions as ridiculous, but our true Lovers could not be long in good intelligence amongſt ſo many diſorders. It came into *Amaldee's* head to proceed to an explication of all theſe ſtrange inclinations he was ſenſible of. He Communicated his deſign to *Frederick*, and told him that it was requiſite that they ſhould put an end to their differences, by examining all their moſt particular thoughts with the Princeſs of *Mantua*, and

that he who was found to love her beſt, ſhould be left to purſue his Amour all alone without any obſtacle from the other. *Frederick* had found the time of their intelligence ſo ſweet and ſo ſhort, that he was willing to continue it, and endeavoured to oppoſe *Amaldee*'s Curioſity, which gave occaſion to new explications between them. *Frederick* reproached him, that he violently loved the Princeſs, ſince that he was ſo deſirous to be ſure of her ſentiments even to the riſque of not being the happy Lover, *Amaldee* likewiſe reproached him with injuſtice in thinking himſelf beloved, and yet to ſuffer him to continue his addreſſes to no purpoſe. *It is too much*, ſaid ſhe to him, *to tye me likewiſe to your tryumphing Charriot*, theſe terrible words had like to have killed the

the Princeſs of *Sicily*, ſhe had never heard her ſelf talked to with ſo much haughtineſs. *Amaldee* himſelf was ſurpriſed at what he had ſaid, and tho he found nothing in them but what was reaſonable; yet as it were againſt his Will, he was ſo ſorry for what he had ſaid, that he was thinking to have asked him pardon, for not having offered him his Miſtriſs, and that he had treated him like a vulgar Rival: Then Repenting on a ſuddain without any excuſe, he reſolved to perſue his firſt deſign, and taking *Frederick* along, who was not capable to reſiſt him, nor ſpeak one word, they entred together into the Princeſs of *Mantua*'s Apartment, and finding her alone, *Madam*, ſaid he to her, *it is time that I ceaſe being miſerable, or that I be ſo for ever; ſpeak Madam, muſt I conſent to the*

*Union of your hearts, ſpeak* Frederick, ſaid ſhe to him, ſhedding ſome Tears, *do you Love the Princeſs ſo much, as not to be able to ſee without trouble the Marriage we are deſtined too?* At theſe cruel Words, *Frederick* was not able to ſupport all his grief, but fainted away; yet People being called into his help, he came to himſelf at length, but would not ſpeak to the Prince of *Majorca.* This adventure was known by the Queen, whoſe Paſſion did dayly augment, and who having in vain eſſayed to get *Frederick* wholly to her ſelf, reſolved to ſend him quite away. She thought it would be better to deprive herſelf of his ſight, than to ſee him the Lover of another. Inſomuch that ſhe went to the King; *We always deferred,* ſaid ſhe to him, *the reſtoring* Frederick *to* Memfroy, *through reaſons of Policy which we thought*

*thought good, but seeing at present that his Amours tend to our disadvantage, I think it much better to deliver him into his Fathers hands, by reason of so many troubles, that may attend his longer stay here.* *Berranger* made some difficulty to yield to this Proposition, but she knew so well how to represent so lively all the Misfortunes which accompanied them, during all the time they had made War against *Menfroy*, that he was at length of her Opinion. However, as soon as she found so little obstacle in her Designs, she began to tremble for the Execution; the *Idea* of *Frederick's* absence presented it self to her heart with so lively a grief, that she began to Combat her own Reasons, and to find that it was a good Surety of the King of *Sicily's* Clemency, to have his Son in their Power,

being very ſenſible that ſhe ſhould chooſe to ſee him ſigh for another, rather than not to ſee him, and finding that as long as he was in their Dominions, ſhe ſhould have a kind of Right over him; the ſhaddow of the leaſt Power is always accounted ſomething by a Miſtriſs. She gave *Berranger* to underſtand that it was in ſome manner to be Maſter of *Sicily*, to have the next Heir thereof in his hands, but as the intereſt of her Paſſion was not to be neglected, ſhe thought fit to hinder the continuance of that which he had for the Princeſs of *Mantua*, by preſſing the King to conclude the Match between her and *Amaldee*; ſhe had always deferred the ſpeaking thereof, for fear of ſhewing her ſelf too much concerned in the thing. It is very difficult to appear indifferent when we are not ſo;

ſo; but that occaſion was favourable, ſhe had ſpoken of ſending him back, and ſhe avoided mingling him in that adventure. The King had not been in the leaſt informed of his Paſſion for the Princeſs of *Mantua*, ſhe lived with *Amaldee* after ſuch a manner as was not capable of giving any ſuſpiſion to indifferent People. Thus the King was altogether diſpoſed to haſten things, to which purpoſe it was convenient to conſult both Parties, The Queen took upon her to ſpeak to the Princeſs, and having ſent for her into her Cloſet, after having made her a hundred Caraſſes; *The Alliance which we are going to make*, ſaid ſhe to her, *obliges me to Treat you like my Daughter. All is ready for the Marriage*, Amaldee *is at length recovered from his indifference, and Loves you even to the being*

*being jealous of the inconſtant Prince of* Sicily, *who without doubt has pretended ſome affection for you, for there is not a Beauty who is exempt from his Gallantrys. He was in Love with* Camilla *while ſhe was in* Sicily. *He would likewiſe have paid me ſome of his Amorous Vows,* ſaid ſhe laughing, *I believe you have ſhared in his Addreſſes, and at preſent I have diſcovered a new intrigue.* That Princeſs was filled with ſpight, when ſhe learnt that *Frederick*'s heart was not as new as hers, ſhe had been ignorant of all that had paſſed between *Camilla* and him, and ſhe was ſo very nice in things of that nature, that the very Sentiments he had had beforeknowing her, rendred her Jealous; ſhe would willingly have Monopolized all the thoughts which he was capable of, as ſhe was ready to afford him

all

all hers. She found no difference between having the ſame addreſſes paid to others, that had been made to her, and between thoſe that had been made to others, before any had been paid to her, ſince as to her they were equally loſt. And what an exceſs of grief was it to her, to ſee that they had been ſhared in the little time ſhe had received them? She asked the Queen trembling, with whom it was that *Frederick* had a new engagement. *You are curious*, ſaid the Queen to her with an affected gayity; *It is* anſwered ſhe very ſadly, *a Curioſity that I ſhould have for any other as well as for* Frederick, *but I ſhould not be ſorry to know his intrigues.* The Queen feigning to be of her Opinion, and of not obſerving her diſorder, told her, *The truth is, that there is a great deal of Pleaſure in diſcover-*

*ing*

*ing what people would fain conceal from us; for my part I intereſs my ſelf in an affair from the moment that I know it, and it affords me almoſt as much delight as it does thoſe who have therein the Principal Part. This will be to us a merry entertainment*, added ſhe, *and I will give you the means of Convicting him of Inconſtancy.* Thereupon ſeeing *Frederick* come into her Chamber, *We muſt call him to us*, ſaid ſhe, *We ſhall ſee what anſwers he will make to our Attachs.* But the Princeſs was not in a condition to ſupport the ſight of him, ſhe went away under the pretext of being newly ſeized with a pain in the head, and the Queen applouding in her ſelf the ſucceſs of her Malice, was willing to continue it; and having cauſed *Frederick* to ſit down, *I have at length obtained for you*, ſaid ſhe to him,

*the pleaſure of returning into* Sicily. *That word made him turn pale,* and the Queen continuing ſaid, *The King has always had the intention of rendring you Maſter of your Conduct, ſince he was hurryed to ſome exceſſes upon* Camilla's *account, but the Marriage of* Amaldee *has ever poſſeſſed him ſince that time, and hindered him hitherto from ſpeaking to you thereof. As it is at preſent concluded, and the Ceremonies are to be performed within a few days: you may perhaps have a mind to ſhare in the Divertiſements that will be upon that occaſion: but if you are not that way inclined, you may depart when you think convenient, if the pleaſures that are preparing for that Feaſt are indifferent to you, and if you do not think us deſerving the ſatisfaction of enjoying your Company for ſome days longer.*

*But*

*But you give me no Answer*, continued she, *Is not this Match to your mind? Madam*, said he to her with great violence, *The only thought of parting from you, is so afflicting, that it hindered me from understanding what you said: but when is this Marriage to be Consummated? It would have been already Consummated, had it not been for* Amaldee's *backwardness*, said the Queen, thinking to be very Malitious, *for the Princess of* Mantua *does ardently desire it. Frederick* recovered some Joy at that Word, and Protested so earnestly to the Queen, that he was not in Love with the Princess of *Mantua*, and entertained her with so many obliging things, that she remained more satisfied than she promised her self, and *Frederick* was in hopes of making the Princess consent, that by sacrificing

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the Queen effectually to her, he might have the Liberty of ſeeming to have ceaſed his Addreſſes. The intelligence, that was between them, might authorize that Thought: But all theſe Projects were out of Seaſon, thanks to the Queens Artifice, all his meaſures were broken by the Jealouſie, which ſhe had dextrouſly inſinuated into the Soul of her Rival. This Princeſs would no longer look upon him, and it was in vain that *Frederick*'s Eyes ſought to tell her, how deſirous he was of a particular Converſation with her; they could not meet with hers, but having approached her Ear at a time, that no Body took notice of that action, *Madam*, ſaid he to her, *endeavours are uſed to make me abandon you, but I ſee a change in your Carriage which if you continue much longer*

*will*

*will proceed perhaps to the ſacrificing me to the Prince of* Majorca. She turned away her head ſcornfully without making him any anſwer, and preſenting her hand to *Amaldee*, he was obliged to lead her to her Apartment. But the Prince of *Majorca* did not take notice after what obliging manner ſhe had given it him, his mind was filled with a thouſand vexatious things upon her account. The King having ſent to ſeek him, had commanded him abſolutely to Marry her within eight days, which was the longeſt time that his reſiſtance could obtain. He ſlighted her very much, and begun from that Evening to treat her as ſhe had done him, thus they all three paſſed that night very uneaſily. The Princeſs of *Mantua* had been ſo ſurpriſed at

*Fre-*

*Frederick*'s perfidity, that ſhe did not think at firſt of *Amaldee*'s being faithful to her, her mind being fixed upon her misfortune, did not afford her any agreeable views; It is very difficult in a moment that a ſtrong paſſion finds itſelf betray'd for a Woman to think of giving birth to another, that thought came only into her head when *Frederick* would have been as intimate with her as before the diſcovery: ſhe then on a ſuddain reſolved to revenge her ſelf, ſhe fancied that the Prince of *Sicily* was proud, and that he would be loath to be deprived of his Conqueſt; When a Woman loſes one, the deſign comes naturally to make another, but it is only to make her ſelf the more valued by her former Lover, that ſhe endeavours to procure a ſecond, who is not much obliged

by

by the paces that are made in his favour, since they all relate to the affection which first of all prevailed. *Amaldee* as we have already said, did not examine all this, he had so little inclination for the Princess of *Mantua*; that he took no notice of her Actions, *Frederick*'s being out of humor was capable of making him so, he could not get an opportunity to speak to him since the adventure that had happened at the Princesses, by reason *Frederick* took great care to shun him, he likewise repented his having prest a Declaration wherein he took so little interest, and he found himself more troubled at his being fallen out with his Rival, than he was pleased that he stood in good termes with his Mistris, insomuch that his mind being full of *Frederick*, he wrote to him this Letter.

Amaldee

## Amaldee *to* Frederick.

*I have a thouſand things to tell you Prince, and you take a thouſand ways not to hear them, you are as careful to avoid me, as I am to ſeek you; In ſhort I obſerve in all your Actions as ſingular an air of Contempt, as the eſteem I have for you is particular, was ever Rival ſeen to do as you do? When Rivals Converſe together, it is ſtill with ſome bitterneſs, but however they Converſe; but I find your ſilence more deſpairing than all you could ſay to vex me. They have ſome Animoſity in what concerns Concurrence, but they abate in the reſt, yet you never abate any thing in yours, nor of that ſlighting and deſpiteful Carriage, which I cannot Comprehend. I am obliged to impute this proceedure*

*to*

*to that antipathy, which you only ſtifled for a while, that the revival remembrance thereof might be the more afflicting to me now. Why did you quit it, ſince you did not lay it aſide for ever, and that you do not now abandon it for a moment? Ah! how cruel does your friendſhip prove to me, ſince it was not ſincere. It is a refinement of hatred which you alone are capable of, however, I have in no wiſe deſerved it, Was ever Rival ſeen to do as I do, you are beloved, you hate me, my paſſion only ſerves to render your Victory more illuſtrious, I am miſerable, endeavours are uſed to render me happy, and I oppoſe them for fear of diſpleaſing you, this is a refinement of friendſhip which in my turn there is only I who am capable of. Alas, ſince our ſentiments are ſo reſembling by their force, why have*

*they*

*they ſuch different Motives: Let us lay aſide that fatal equality ſince it produces ſuch contrary effects; diminiſh ſomething of the durity of your proceedure, and I conſent to augment the Civility of mine, or rather let us always meet in the ſame ardour, and change only deſign and if poſſible Conduct.*

After that he had finiſhed this Letter, he read it over twenty times, and did not find that it ſufficiently expreſſed all that he had a mind to ſay; he fancyed that the terms of friendſhip were improper, and he could not reaſonably make uſe of thoſe which he judged more ſutable. He felt great agitations all the night, which ſeemed to him much longer than uſual, and he was very impatient that *Frederick* ſhould receive his Letter, and then again, he was afraid

fraid that *Frederick* would not receive it, or that it would not ſufficiently perſuade him. He received it however, and it had all the effect that could be expected. It ſurpriſed him agreably, he only ſaw misfortunes for him on all ſides, and a ray of hopes on the ſide of *Amaldee* ſuſpended them with delight, and Conſulting only his firſt impulſe, he returned him immediately this Anſwer.

Frederick *to* Amaldee.

*I have too much reaſon to ſhun you and yet I do not ſhun you ſo much as I ought, but if you have diſtinguiſhed a particular air in my flights, why have you not made a full diſcovery; and why do you take for contempt, what would reſemble it ſo little, if you would put it to a ſtricter Teſt.*

*Since*

*Since you make ſo juſt a difference between my Conduct, and that of an ordinary Rival, if you examined it ſomething farther, you would not prefer the bitterneſs of Rivals, before the delicacy of a Friend, who can neither ſay nor do any thing to the diſadvantage of the Perſon, who has merited his eſteem; there would be leſs concurrence between us, if you did not love the Princeſs of* Mantua, *and perhaps there would be ſomething more agreeable, if you had been better acquainted with the Prince of* Sicily, *you would not demand of me to abate for one moment, any thing of what you divide ſo well of concurrence, perhaps you would wiſh the continuation of it, with as much ardor, as you now have to complain thereof, you recall that pretended antipathy, which I have but too*

*well undeceived you of, and where-of, however I never repented, until you had had a Miſtreſs. How pleaſing ought all my unkindneſſes to have been to you, ſince they were not ſincere! but is there any refinements of hatred? Alas! thoſe people hate not much, who refine in ſo doing; but in ſhort, why do you refine upon hatred, when you have a paſſion? this cruel ſhare I cannot endure; hate me as a true Rival, if you love me as a true Lover, have no regard for me, which may be ſo dangerous to me; ſigh in repoſe for the Princeſs of* Mantua, *I do not love her, ſince I muſt confeſs it, I will no longer diſturb your Amours, and the proſpect I have given her of my paſſion, was only to ſerve for a Triumph to yours. If your Sentiments were the like as to her, we ſhould continue*

*Friends;*

*Friends; it is only that equality which I demand, change the design you have upon her, and I shall change my conduct with you.*

*Frederick* had less impatience to send his Letter than *Amaldee* had had. He found that he had said too much, he was a long time in suspence if he should give it, till that a Messenger coming in from the Queen, he gave it, that he might put an end to all the reflexions it produced, he Commanded it should be carryed to Prince *Amaldee*, who was not so happy as to receive it, the Person, who was encharged with this Letter, having carried some from *Frederick* to the Princess of *Mantua*, and receiving it in haste, he mistook what the Prince said to him, and fancied, that he was to carry it likewise to the Princess of *Mantua*; she received and read it, with-

all the fury that so authentick a confirmation of Perfidy could inspire her with: *How!* cried she, *He is not satisfied with betraying me, he would likewise deprive me of the only Lover I have left; Ah! what a rage is his? I should have suffered his indifference, if it had not been voluntary, but I cannot suffer the outrage he puts upon me; I must punish him by what he most apprehends.* Women are particularly jealous of their Beauty, and they are often, only willing to have a Lover, for the giving Testimony of it; she went immediately to the Queen, whom *Frederick* had newly left; the Queen was so satisfied with him, that she could no longer look upon the Princess of *Mantua* as the Rival; she was still more confirmed of the Sacrifice that *Frederick* had made her, by the desire the Princess

ceſs ſeemed to have, of becoming quickly her Daughter in Law, there was now no more obſtacles in it, than what proceeded from *Amaldee*, who coming in at that moment, did pay all her advances with extraordinary unkindneſſes; the ſlights that are put upon a Beauty, do vex her more, than all thoſe that can be done to the moſt Amorous of all men; ſhe accuſed *Frederick* with Juſtice of the injury he did her Charms, and for the making him believe at leaſt, that ſhe was not ſo contemptible, and that ſhe received conſolation for the loſs of him, ſhe ſent him back his Letter, with orders to ſay, That Prince *Amaldee* had given it her, and that ſhe made him reſtitution of it; this is the having ſo favourable an appearance, when all was contrary to her, went a great way towards

the satisfying her vanity. And indeed the Princess of *Sicily* was pensive all alone, when his Letter was brought her, *How!* great was her surprise, *Ah!* cried she, *though I do not seem a Lover, must I needs be Treated like the most contemptible Mistress, and must I be Sacrificed to my Rivals. His last stroke compleats all the other, I have nothing more to hope, since I am used, as if I were the Princess of* Sicily, *I must likewise do as she should, and reproach that Person with baseness, whom alas! I cannot accuse of Perfidy, seeing he never loved me*: Thereupon she ran to seek out *Amaldee*, whom she found in the Palace Gardens, and calling him all the names that rage inspires, *Art thou satisfied with all these names*, said she to him, *And art thou not better pleased with them, than with my silence?* He was so

ſo afflicted, that he was not able to give her one word in anſwer, and leaning againſt a Tree, he looked upon her tenderly, and ſhedding a torrent of Tears, he at length drew the like from the lovely eyes of that irritated Princeſs, ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to fall upon a graſs-plat, over againſt him, they made a mute converſation, more melting than all they could have ſaid, but ſhe retired as ſoon as *Amaldee* would have ſpoken, and went into a gloomy Alley, where ſhe met with *Camilla*, and the Admirals Widdow who were in purſuit of her; who joined together, to askthe; reaſon of the Treachery that *Fredrerick* had done them; they had for a long time tormented themſleves they could no longer forbear venting their fury, and were deſirount of having the cruel delight ofs

putting him ſome moments upon the rack, who had made them ſpend ſo many hours in torture; they come thither together, for we are only deſirous of being private, when we have ſomething that is agreeable to ſay; Moreover they encouraged mutually one another, and pretended to put him into the greater confuſion, by convicting him both together of the Treacherous Tricks, he had ſerved each of them in particular; they made him a Hundred Reproaches, which he could not make any anſwer to, he knew himſelf ſo well by their motions, that he was terrified, that he newly came from doing the ſame thing, they would never have done talking, they found ſtill ſomething to ſay, and people are inexhauſtible, when they are to give a looſe to their Paſſion, the violence

violence of their passing into their discourses, caused them to make so much noise, as that they were heard by *Amaldee*, who apprehended, that his dear *Frederick* was engaged in some peril, being drawn by the sighs he gave, he answered him by others, and run to the place where there passed an adventure almost like to that he had newly been engaged in. He first saw a Cavalier who disappeared, and perceiving his Sister all bathed in tears, *Cruel Friend*, said he to him, *see the sufferings you bring upon us; Cruel Friend*, *your self*, replyed the Princess of *Sicily* sadly, *Why do you Sacrifice me to the Princess of* Mantua? *I Sacrifice you*, said *Amaldee* to her, *I who treat her daily with so much Contempt upon your account*? *See*, said she to him, shewing him the Letter, *what you*

*gave her, and which she restored to me.* *Amaldee* protesting that he knew not what it was, did very earnestly beg of her to give him that Letter; *Frederick* could not resist the desire he had of seeing him read it; And *Amaldee* making a stop at the end, how said he to him, you do not love the Princess more than you do me? *How!* replyed *Frederick*, *and do not you love her, would to Heaven that I were in a Condition to love her*, Cryed they both at a time. *But in good earnest do not you love her*, said *Frederick* to the Prince of *Majorca*? *No*, Replyed he coldly, *and if I was sorry that you loved her, it is apparently, because I do not find her aimable, but if you do not Love her, why are you in fear that I do? you must needs have some concealed interest; I have one without doubt*, said *Frederick*,

but

but ſtill, *do not you Love her*, repeated he again, *let me be ſure of your indifference for her before I confeſs any thing: I anſwer you I do not, ask her*, ſaid the Prince of *Majorca*. *Frederick* could no longer hold out againſt ſuch flattering appearances; and the preſence of *Camilla* could not put a ſtop to what ſo favourable a Moment furniſhed him with, *I have been in Love*, ſaid he, *from the moment that I ſaw you, and I ſhould ſtill have had all my indifference, if you had never arrived in* Sicily. *Camilla* being charmed with this diſcourſe, did ſecretly make him reparation for all ſhe had ſaid and thought againſt him, but *Frederick* ſtopping, found himſelf in a fair way, and bluſhing at what Love had made him do, he would perhaps, notwithſtanding all his reflections, have ſaid ſomething

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more, if the King had not interrupted him, he was amazed at his taking him aſide to diſcourſe him, but the buſineſs paſſed in this manner:

The Queen whom a too long abſence from *Frederick* rendred uneaſie, had ſent to ſeek for him, her imagination being full of him, figured him always with another, it was neceſſary for her to ſee him for the calming all her Suſpicions, ſhe was told that he was with *Amaldee* and *Camilla*, which was ſufficient to allarm her. The King being preſent when this Word was brought, ſhe bluſhed at the indiſcretion of the Perſon ſhe had imployed, which *Berranger* taking notice of, he looked upon it as a very ill augure. What ſhe added afterwards with ſome kind of tranſport, made him the more apprehenſive. *Camilla*, ſaid ſhe to him,

him, *renews her Persuits, and it is very convenient to have a Watching Eye over her. Your Virtue is very Austere, Madam,* said he to her with some disdain, *I perceive that you are not willing to allow your Daughter a Lover: but as for* Frederick, *I shall take order about him, and he may possibly be on his way to* Sicily *by to Morrow, for preventing the consequences of an Amour, at which your severity is so much alarm'd.* Thereupon he went down into the Palace Garden, thinking upon the Discovery he had newly made; he met there with *Frederick*, and breaking of the conversation that had so much pleased him, he entertained him with one that was very afflicting. *Prince,* said he to him, *you may possibly be surprised, that I have deferred so long the telling you that you are Free: but now hence forward, nothing*

*thing shall detain you, all things shall be ready for your going on Board, and that to Morrow, if no Body stay you here, I pretend to render Civility for Civility to the King of* Sicily *by restoring him his Son.* And indeed *Berranger* had found his Glory to revive extreamly upon the Queens being in diſorder, and accuſing himſelf of having not too well managed it: He managed at the ſame time his own repoſe. He paid great Civilities to *Frederick*, who only anſwered him with a profound bow, he had not the power to thank him for a thing which puts him into deſpair, and for the reſtoring him to a Liberty, which he found would be inſupportable. How ſenſible was the Princeſs of *Sicily*'s grief to depart in a time when her Preſence might ſupport the Sentiments that *Amaldee* would infal-

libly

libly have entertained of her. To depart without making her self known, or to make her self known when she was to depart, were such tumultuous reflections, that some time was requisite for her to come to a determination, the Queen being no less to be pitied than she. The *Idea* of never seeing what we Love, is the most cruel thing that imagination can represent; it was requisite that she should see him at least once more. Yet the King besieged continually, and the thing was almost impossible. In this pressing need she was constrained to run some risque. She Confided in the discretion of one of her Maids of Honor, whose Chamber she thought most convenient for the interview, being there was a way to it by a back pair of Stairs. This Woman took care to conduct *Frederick* thither, who was resol-

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ved to imploy his Credit with the Queen, being ignorant of the ſhare ſhe had in that adventure. The King having ſet ſpies to watch him that Evening; he failed not to have notice given him of the way he had taken. The Queen finding her ſelf indiſpoſed, had placed her ſelf upon a Bed of repoſe, where all bathed in Tears, ſhe ſaw *Frederick* at her knees, being as full of grief as her ſelf, he conjured her tenderly to imploy her credit for the deferring a departure, which would be ſo fatal to him: they were in that poſture when they heard the Chamber door thundred open, and ſaw the King with his Sword in his hand: he made a full paſs at *Frederick*, who happened to be firſt in his reach: the Queen made her eſcape by the back pair of Stairs, he ran to perſue her, but not finding her, he

met

met with *Amaldee* and *Camilla*, whom we ſent to the place where all this diſorder paſſed, finding that his vengeance would be the more compleat, if all the World knew it, and that he added to it the trouble of all ſuch Perſons as took part in *Frederick*, the Princeſs of *Mantua* was likewiſe informed of this accident, by the rumors that were ſpread of through all the Palace. Her tenderneſs was now revived, and ſhe no longer found him culpable, ſince he had now expiated his Crime by his Bloud that was ſhed. Inſomuch that ſhe ran thither as well as the reſt; their ſhrieks were heard on all ſides in that Chamber, and it was a very lamentable ſpectacle to ſee *Frederick* weltring in his own bloud. The Princeſs of *Mantua* and *Camilla* embraced one another in ſhedding a torrent of Tears.

These two Rivals were no longer Enemies, and their common misfortune left them no other Sentiments, than for the lamenting what they Loved. It being necessary to undress *Frederick*, they withdrew, and his wound was searched. But how dangerous a one did *Amaldee* receive: when he saw an admirable Bosom, tinctured in several parts with bloud, yet heightned its natural Whiteness. This cannot be expressed, Love making himself known to him in that cruel Moment, he made him feel it with all its Violence. The Princess of *Sicily* was Fainted away, she was thought to be dead, she no longer breathed. But *Amaldee* approaching her, heard her still Sigh; he having caused that heart to move again, which he had so much agitated, she opened feebly her Eyes,

and

and cast a piercing look upon the amorous *Amaldee*, and immediately shut them again. *Ah! Lovely Eyes*, cried he, *are you closed for ever*, He imagined she had given her last Sigh, he did the Actions of a Mad-man, and being no longer capable of governing himself, he suffered those Persons to conduct him, whom the Queen had sent to give help to *Frederick*, to the Apartment of those afflicted Beauties, he did not acquaint them with so surprising an adventure, he little thought of comforting them, or of telling them a piece of News which would only have served to the redoubling his own despair, they were all in a gloomy silence, which being caused by a violent grief, did lively express it, there remained in those Princesses a ray of hopes which tormented them more

more than the entire assurance of their misfortune could have done. We suffer our selves to be transported with rage, when the mischief is without Remedy, and there is at least but that Motion which hurries the Soul away with that Violence, and which leaves it not the leisure to be sensible of all its torments: but when we are divided between small hopes and a great deal of fear, we feel a thousand Conflicts, which as it were tore us, and cannot be calmed, but by the loss of the one or other. They quickly lost them both, to make way for something that was much more afflicting. Word was brought that *Frederick* had been discovered to be the Princess of *Sicily*, then all the motions which they had so improperly entertained, dissipating themselves on a sudden, they fell into

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a kind of Lithurgy, in comparison of which they found all their Allarms to be ſoft and pleaſing. In the mean while the Princeſs of *Sicily's* wound being ſearched, was found not to be Mortal, which News being carried to the King, he received it as the cure of all his ills. The Queen no longer gave him any embraces, nothing hindred him from joyning the Crown of *Sicily* to his own, and finding his Honour ſecure, and his ambition ſatisfied, he learnt with great ſatisfaction, a thing that was neceſſary both for his own repoſe, and that of his People. He ſought out the Queen to ask her pardon for his rage, and was willing to believe, that it was only to the Princeſs of *Sicily*, that the Aſſignation had been given, ſince it was but effectually her. The Queen was ſo confuſed

with

with so many changes, that she knew not what answer to make, she was in fear that it was a surprise, that the King would pull upon her, and could perhaps have wished it. Nothing was so disagreeable to her, as to learn she had no longer a Lover, and what was more that she had not had one. It was in vain that he endeavoured to render her a Witness of that Truth, she excused her self, telling him after a spightful manner, which her Virtue too well justified, inspired her with, that she was even afraid that the Princesses Sex would not secure her from his Suspitions, since her prudence had not been able to do so. Neither would the Princess of *Mantua* nor *Camilla* now see under the proper Figure, the Person they had found so pleasing under one that was borrowed. They hated the Prin-

Princess of *Sicily*, from the time that she was no longer *Frederick*, but she did not remain abandoned: the Prince of *Majorca* gave her all his thoughts which did sufficiently comfort her for those she lost elsewhere. What a delight was it to her to see her self beloved! this was a Novelty, she had never seen a Lover at her feet; it is very pleasing to see one there: but it is the highest Felicity when it is one the Woman Loves. *Ah!* cryed *Amaldee*, all transported, *Why did you wait so long to triumph over a heart that ought to be wholly yours, from the time it was capable of Loving. I have felt, it is true, some tender longings towards you, but I lost the Pleasure by not knowing the motions of my heart, nor the merit of the Object who inspired me with them.* A thousand sighs with which he repaired the time he had been

with

without knowing the uſe of them, and a thouſand diſquiets he was in for her Life, did make her ſufficient ſatisfaction for thoſe ſhe had thought to no purpoſe. She had not Courage to make him languiſh longer without telling him what he had inſpired her with. As he was one day Comparing before her the ſentiments he had had for *Frederick*, and thoſe he had for the Princeſs of *Sicily*, ſhe was willing likewiſe to give him a proſpect of her own, they took delight in examining all their moſt ſecret Motions, and lived already the Moſt happily in the world, when that the two Kings conſented to Conſummate their felicity, and to make Peace by uniting their two familyes, the Princeſs of *Mantua* could not oppoſe it, ſhe had loved *Frederick* at a time ſhe was to Have been

*Amaldee's*

*Amaldee's* Wife, which was ſufficient to hinder her from being able to reproach him with the preference he made of the Princeſs of *Sicily*, beſides that Princeſs had tryumphed over her heart under the figure of a Rival, for to ſee her tryumph with another under that of a Miſtreſs; Inſomuch that the Princeſs of *Mantua* returned two days after the wound was given without giving the Princeſs of *Sicily* one viſit, ſhe told the King that having a deſigne to quit the world, ſhe thanked him for all the favours he had beſtowed upon her, and that ſhe ſhould be full of an eternal acknowledgment, he was very glad to ſee her take leave of her ſelf, the only obſtacle to what he projected, being thereby removed, thus they were all well ſatisfied at *Majorca*.

*Camilla* recovered her Lover and a Match was Concluded between her and Prince *Leon*, he had ever Conserved for her a Character of so handsome Passion, that he could not fail of being recompensed at the end, he had voluntarily deprived him sel of the satisfaction of giving her marks of his tenderness which displeases when a Lover is not acceptable, and he gave her a full view of it, when that the Princess of *Sicily* had sent for him by the permission of *Menfroy*, to whom *Berranger* writ all that had passed, demanding of him with great earnestness the honour of his Allyance. *Leon* brought *Menfroy's* Consent to *Berranger*, those two things whom no endeavours had been able to reconcile were made friends by the intercession of their Children when Prince *Leon* saw *Camilla* at the passion he had ever had received and augmented, he renewed to her his vowes which she recieved with a most sincere affection the Princess of *Sicily* was Charmed with that reunion, and saying one day to *Camilla* that

that Love had made uſe of her to render her more tractable; that Princeſs made anſwer that after having examined her ſelf, ſhe had obſerved that the reſpect and addreſſes of *Leon* had at firſt produced in her ſoul, which it durſt not have diſcovered but under an other Name, this being ſaid in the preſence of that Lover, it filled him full of Joy, and *Amaldee* looking maliciouſly upon *Camilla*, called to mind thoſe verſes, which his ſiſter had made for *Frederick* at the time ſhe thought her ſelf ſure of his heart.

*Ah! how vaſt are the delights*
*Of two hearts whom love Unites,*
*When in each others Breaſt they ſee*
*Flames that great and equal be,*
*Ah! the tranſports, Ah! the joys,*
*The bliſs, the ſports, and Amorous toys.*
*Nought can in ſhort more ſweet and happy prove,*
*Than hearts who know themſelves inſpired with Love.*

This put her ſomething to the bluſh, out of a remain of ſpite, ſhe made the application thereof to Prince *Leon*, who caſt himſelf at her feet, by

of thanks, *Amaldee* was more and more charmed with his lovely Princess, whom he Married shortly after, under the name of *Constance*, Queen of *Sicily*, *Manfroy* being dead much about that time; the Four Lovers lived in a perfect Union the rest of their days; *Camila* contracted a friendship with the new Queen, as soon as *Leon* had ingaged her heart; indifference gives I know not what lukewarmness, for all things which ever ceases when it is gone, and we are capable of all the fine Sentiments, as soon as we begin to entertain such as are Amorous, the Queen being uncapable of doing better, brought her inclinations under the same confinement they had been in before, she saw *Frederick*, the Admiral's Widdow found a Husband at *Majorca*, and *Yolanda*, one in *Sicily*, in short they all recovered their former Tranquility.

THE END.